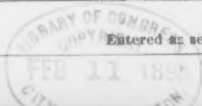


LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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CAPTAIN VON GOESSEL.



THE SINKING OF THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMER "ELBE," IN THE NORTH SEA—SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE COLLISION—THE STEAMER SHOWING SIGNALS OF DISTRESS.—DRAWN BY FRED. B. SCHELL FROM PHOTOGRAPH, AND DESCRIPTION BY A SURVIVOR.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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How We Are Viewed Abroad.



THE crisis in our national finances, which is every day growing more acute, is naturally attracting great attention in monetary circles abroad. While our Democratic legislators apparently see no occasion for alarm, and utterly refuse to provide measures of relief, thoughtful observers in England and on the continent see that a persistence in our present policy—or want of policy—must not only bring disaster upon ourselves, but seriously disturb business and financial conditions in all the countries with which we have intimate commercial relations.

It is not alone, however, the stupidity and incompetency displayed in the management of our national finances which is operating enormously to our prejudice in England and elsewhere. Our general business methods, the decline of integrity in the administration of corporate properties, resulting often in the confiscation of private interests—the growing insensibility to the demands of business honor in the ordinary transactions of life; the frauds and thefts and disreputable artifices by which individuals, companies, and trusts enrich themselves at the expense of the public and are permitted to go unpunished—all these are discrediting us in the eyes of honest men the world over. English investors especially are looking askance at everything American. A London banker, recently interviewed by a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, thus expressed the opinion of his class on this subject:

"The failure to punish the criminal management of railroad and other great corporations in America is having a disastrous effect upon the English view of the American sense of honor. There can be no revival of English interest in this class of investments until at least some measure is adopted in the United States for the punishment of railway thieves. An Englishman sees public conscience practically indifferent to the matter, and naturally concludes that the lack of commercial honor has become a national characteristic."

The effect of the degeneracy in our business methods here referred to is already apparent in the stagnation of American securities, and the tendency among European holders to unload them. It is seen, too, in the fact that whereas European exporters formerly sent their goods to the American market on six months' credit, they now, to a large extent, demand cash payments. This, in part, accounts for the extraordinary drain of gold which no restraints devised at Washington have been able to check, and which, in the opinion of London bankers, is likely to grow in volume for some time to come.

It is idle—it is the very highest unwisdom—to shut our eyes to tendencies in our financial and commercial life which are thus exposing us to suspicion and hurt. We cannot afford to have the American name become a synonym for business dishonor, or suggestive in all or any department of production of imperfect and dishonest work and methods. We plume ourselves upon the vastness of our resources, the extent of our industries, the diversity and scope of our enterprise, but all these, enormous and valuable as they are, count for nothing in comparison with a high, pervading, always dominant national integrity—an absolute and abiding fidelity, in all the relations of trade and finance, to sound moral principle. A people whose average business standard is a low one—who can contemplate with complacency practices which sap the foundations of commercial security; who regard with reverence rather than aversion the Ishmaelites who despoil at will their weaker neighbors—such a people can never attain the higher summits of prosperity or become a really determining force in the civilization of the world. If we would not be pilloried in the execration of mankind we must learn to be honest; to adjust our finances and our business relations in harmony with upright conditions; to punish surely and pitilessly all offenses against the fundamental integrities upon which, alike in barbaric and civilized lands, the whole structure of commercial life necessarily rests.

No Alliance with Populists.

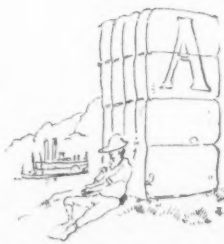
ACCORDING to the classification in the Congressional directory the next Senate will consist of forty-five Republicans, thirty-eight Democrats, and five Populists. In this classification both Senators from Nevada are counted as Republicans, while Irby, of South Carolina, is included among the Democrats. But it is quite possible that these three Senators may finally cast in their lot with the Populists, and in that event no party will have a majority of the whole Senate, and an organization can only be effected by a deal. Referring to this situation, Senator Frye, of Maine,

in recently addressing the Republican Legislature of that State, remarked: "We can have control of the Senate by a combination of the Populists, but," he added, "even if you desired it I would not favor such an alliance." And his constituents responded with emphasis that they approved his decision.

The opinion here expressed is that of right-minded Republicans everywhere. Populism is antagonistic to every substantial public interest—a menace to good government and the social order; and any party that seeks alliance with it will inevitably go to the wall. Better that the Senate should remain permanently under Democratic control than that its organization should be purchased by Republicans at the cost of principle and self-respect.

What is here said as to the organization of the Senate applies with equal force to the situation in the several States. In North Carolina, we observe, the Republicans are proposing to maintain their present relations with the Populists in the Presidential contest of next year, the purpose being to divide the electoral ticket. Such a course would be incapable of justification. Even if it should result in temporary advantage, it would in the end result in disaster to the policy and principles to which we are as a party distinctively committed.

The South and Cotton.



LADY who is visiting the far South, in a recent letter to friends at home, depicted a condition of affairs in the great cotton region which is exciting great solicitude. We quote as follows:

"We took a long drive yesterday, and I wish you could have seen the great stretch of country over which we traveled. I remarked to my companion that she must be very proud to be mistress of such a place and such immense fields of cotton, and I was startled to hear her respond, with an impatience that was almost bitter: 'I hate the word cotton.' Then when she saw my astonishment she added: 'You cannot know how much of sadness it means to us. It is our whole dependence. If it fails we must starve and scrimp for a whole year. If the crop is too big we overdraw our credit, and the decrease in prices leaves us penniless. You have many resources. We have but the one, and when it fails, either from complete loss or over production, our year's labor goes for nothing, and we are worse off than when we started. Look at this splendid plantation,' she continued, 'and see the labor of the hundreds of hands, the anxiety of the family, and all the other things, and then imagine our feelings at the end of the season when we realize that all that has been done scarcely pays for itself. We hardly know what it is to have ready money, and yet you would think that with our place we were rich. I hate the name of cotton. If only we raised other things it might be different. But year after year it is cotton and bills, and more bills and lower prices, and large crops and no profit.' This, you must remember, is from the wife of the largest planter of this section—a man who is rich in land and poor as Job's turkey in the bigness of his cotton crop. It is the strangest contradiction I ever saw—the owners of two thousand acres of fine cotton land with less ready money than a good mechanic in our State."

This is a phase of the cotton situation in the South which escapes the attention of the statisticians and the trade experts, but it is the fact which lies next to the industrial life of the South. Cotton is now worth less than five cents a pound, and all the thousands of planters who got credit on the supposition that it would be worth about twice that sum simply cannot pay their debts, and the merchants—many of them—are in the same extremity. Fortunately the South has just raised a great crop of corn which it will be able to dispose of at advantageous figures, and this comes not only as a blessing at this time, but also as a lesson. For the first time the farmers of the South are trying seriously to escape the absolute rule of King Cotton. Various conventions have been held and numerous propositions have been offered. "The remedy for the low prices of cotton is in the hands of the cotton growers themselves," says the address just issued by the American cotton growers, and this remedy is: "An important reduction in the cotton acreage is an absolute essential to the proper adjustment of the matter of supply and demand." Another crop of over nine million bales is regarded as about the worst misfortune that could befall the South. The growers are asked to use their lands for other crops and to produce that variety which will make Southern farming safer. Another suggestion is that small cotton mills be established generally in the South, but the leading authorities regard this as of doubtful utility, the reason being that the cost of running the small mills would not permit them to compete with the larger ones, which are rapidly increasing in the South, and which, according to recent returns, are paying from seven to twenty per cent. profit with great regularity. The plan that will be adopted will possibly be something on the order of that outlined by the Cotton Growers' Association in the sixth article of its recently promulgated constitution: "Every member of this organization solemnly contracts and binds himself to plant and cultivate in the year 1895 only two-thirds of the number of acres of cotton that he planted and cultivated during the year 1894." This agreement depends upon the approval of three-fourths of the cotton acreage, and while it is doubtful whether the necessary number of planters will sign it, it will have an undoubted effect in reducing the crop. At the same time no reduction can be permanent until the Southern farmers generally recognize the wisdom of varying their crops.

A significant sign of the times is that the women are taking a strong interest in the matter, and their good sense

and insistence will contribute mightily to the right result. Their desire to escape the thralldom of perpetual credit and to know the freedom and value of ready money will sustain them in their struggle.

Administrative Low-water Mark.

WE have often said, and we repeat it now, that we believe Mr. Cleveland to be an honest man, of patriotic impulses. But he is a man of such confirmed prejudices and so stubborn in his obstinacy that neither his integrity nor his patriotic motives avail to prevent him from the commission of most egregious blunders. At this moment the richest country in the world trembles upon the verge of financial crisis. Lack of confidence hampers industry and puts an embargo on commerce. We are idle who should be busy; we are poor who should be growing constantly in wealth. And all this because of the ignorance and the incompetence of this honest and well-meaning man and his chosen advisers and associates. But poverty is not the worst thing in life. It can be endured and it can be cured. Dishonor, however, is another thing—dishonor is a damned spot which will not wash away. And this is what Mr. Cleveland has fastened upon the American people by his complacent participation, or acquiescence, in the policy of his Secretary of State.

It is not a pleasant duty to review even briefly and in outline the performances of Mr. Gresham since his desertion of a too-generous party was rewarded by high office in the administration of Mr. Cleveland. His career in conducting our affairs of state appears to have been fashioned with the deliberate intention of proving the truth of the adage, "False in one thing, false in all." Starting out in Hawaii, where the civilized white people had overthrown a corrupt and semi-barbarous monarchy, this new kind of Secretary of State endeavored to overawe these republican citizens and erect anew, upon the ruins of the republic they had established, the throne of a despised and half-savage queen. He failed in this, but in doing so succeeded in making our government and its diplomacy the laughing stock of the world. Quite recently there has been a royalist rebellion in these islands. This never would have happened had there been an American man-of-war in Hawaiian waters, instructed to protect American interests. Only a little while ago Admiral Walker, who had made investigations in Hawaii, told Mr. Cleveland that there would be trouble there because the royalists believed that Mr. Cleveland and his administration were on their side. And Admiral Walker was reprimanded for telling Mr. Cleveland and his Secretary of State what they did not wish to hear.

Then came the delays incident to the ratification and promulgation of the new treaty with Japan. Japan, having undergone a long course in modern civilization, negotiated treaties with several of the great Powers, placing her on terms of equality. Every one recognized that Japan should stand in such a relation to this country. But for some inexplicable reason this wonderful Secretary of State delayed the arrangement of a treaty, so that when it was finally promulgated England had got ahead of us and was the first to recognize the Japanese equality. We should have been the first to greet Japan among the nations, for promptness in such a case adds much to the gracefulness of the act. But we waited, for some cause—or more probably for no cause—thus neglecting a graceful duty and throwing away an opportunity to strengthen a friendship full of advantage.

Next we find this Secretary of State shilly-shallying about the invitation to send an American representative to help investigate the charges against the Turks of atrocities on the Christian Armenians. He would and he would not. First he decided that in the affairs of humanity the people of the United States had no concern, and therefore a representative of the government could not participate, in an investigation as to the cause for murdering many hundreds of defenseless Christians. Then, after a time, he concluded that an American should take part in the investigation. But again he was too late, for now the Sultan refused to renew the invitation. And so again were we made to appear ridiculous. But even ridicule, like poverty, can be endured.

Now we come to the crowning act of infamy—infamy that will rise in reproach whenever Mr. Cleveland and his minister of state are recalled. When the war broke out between Japan and China it was arranged that the American consuls in Japan should exercise their good offices in behalf of non-combatant Chinese in that country, and that the American consuls in China should in the same way look after the Japanese in that empire. Both Japan and China requested this, and the other nations acquiesced in it. Last August two Japanese students in the French quarter of Shanghai were accused of being spies. The Chinese could not seize these accused boys within French jurisdiction, and the French consul did not give them asylum because he understood, and everybody understood, that that was the business of the American consul. So the lads were turned over to the American consul, who received and held them. His investigations satisfied him that the boys were not spies but students, and his findings were corroborated by independent investigations made by our ministers at Peking and Tokio. This evidence and these conclusions were sent to the Secretary of State, to whom the Chinese minister in Washington had also made report! The Chinese minister

insisted that the boys were spies; the American ministers and the American consul declared them to be students and non-combatants. On this evidence Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of State, knowing the consequence of his action, ordered that the lads be given up. They were tortured to the verge of death and then beheaded as a matter of form. That is the low-water mark of American diplomacy, and the high-water mark of American infamy.

WHAT'S GOING ON

A WELL-KNOWN literary man, himself one of the best writers of short stories now contributing to the American press, in a note to the editor of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, expresses in the words following, his appreciation of a series of notable stories recently published by us:

"For the Gilbert Parker stories I thank you cordially. Some of Mr. Parker's work I have not greatly admired, but these nine stories are excellent. 'The Baron of Beaugard' struck me as being particularly strong. I am glad to see *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* printing stories that have got the strength and sap of life in 'em, rather than wishy-washy magazine stuff—kitchen and bed-chamber dialect dramas, with everything dramatic left out. They say this is the day of short stories, but it sometimes appears to me that the day of the short story passed with Hawthorne and Poe and Fitz James O'Brien, and the old school. We certainly have reason to thank heaven for Parker and Kipling and Doyle. May they never run out of something to say. They are here just in time to save our end-of-the-century fiction from paresis."

SIDNEY SMITH might sneer at American books, but to-day there are few Englishmen who do not welcome the published volumes of American scholars, and in critical Germany American scholarship is held in deservedly high repute. In viewing the list of professors represented at the philological congress in Philadelphia, almost every name recalls the author of a meritorious text-book or treatise. In Sanskrit, Anglo-Saxon, early English, Chaucer, the romance languages, Greek dialects, and other lines of philological study, American scholars are easily holding their own with the Germans. As for undergraduate interest in these studies, the *London Daily News* remarked recently that it would astonish a professor at an English or Scotch university to know that a hundred students begin to read Chaucer every year at the University of Michigan; and a Philadelphia journal states that Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, has a larger class in the study of cuneiform inscriptions than any one European professor.

It is quite possible that the war now in progress between China and Japan may develop situations suggestive of European intervention, but as yet the best foreign opinion is obviously against any interference by the Powers most immediately concerned. While all regard the appearance of Japan as a dominant Asiatic force with real solicitude, it is felt that precipitate action against her might result detrimentally to the interests of civilization, and that, for the present at least, matters should be permitted to take their course. The *London Spectator* expresses what is, apparently, the thought of intelligent foreign observers when it says: "It is not our business to protect the Manchu dynasty. There is evidently a cataclysm of some sort coming in eastern Asia, and Europe, we think, will do well to stand aloof until it comprehends the meaning of the new movement. We do not trust the Japanese, but the crust of ages is cracking under their fierce blows, and the ultimate result may be good, in spite of the terrible miseries involved."

If the statements of some leading Philadelphia newspapers are to be depended upon, there is ample room in that city for an investigation similar to that made here by the Lexow committee. Some departments of the municipal administration are said to be practically controlled by rings intent on plundering the tax-payers, and charges are made in some specific cases which right-thinking citizens cannot, certainly, afford to ignore. There are forms of social vice, too, which are apparently as flagrant as any which the Parkhurst society has uncovered in this metropolis. These, we are informed, will be attacked by a league of the evangelical denominations which is about to be formed, and which will work along the lines pursued here and in Chicago. It is one of the encouraging signs of the times that our churches are beginning to recognize that they have a practical relation to civic affairs, and are, more generally than ever before, addressing themselves in a positive and aggressive way to the consideration of the social problems which press for solution.

THE action of the Trinity Corporation of this city in resisting certain provisions of the law in reference to tenement-houses, thereby interposing a serious obstruction to the work of tenement reform, has provoked both surprise and indignation in the community at large. Such action is not only inexcusable; it is positively harmful, both because it weakens the force and obligations of a righteous law, and because it brings the church and all it stands for into derision and contempt. When Christian men, intrusted with the management of a great corporate interest, deliberately adopt and pursue a policy which has no higher motive than the gratification of a selfish greed—a policy

from which all considerations of humanity and all regard for the best public opinion are banished—it is simply inevitable that the victims of their avarice, and right-thinking people generally, should brand them as hypocrites. The resolutions adopted at the recent public meeting at Cooper Union, strongly condemnatory of the course of the Trinity Corporation as to this general matter, were in every way deserved, and expressed none too strongly an actual public sentiment.

No department of the public service has more fully justified the expectations of its founder than the weather bureau. Indeed, it is quite safe to say that when General Myer organized it, many years ago, he had no real conception, great as was his enthusiasm in the matter, that it would ever become the immensely valuable service it is now universally recognized to be. Of course, the bureau has its defects, but it is constantly enlarging the scope of its operations, with steadily increasing returns for the very moderate outlay incurred in its maintenance. Just now it is in contemplation to undertake a new line of work—namely, the study of climate with reference to its influence on health and disease. Comparisons of the vital statistics reports from each bureau station will be made with the meteorological record, and in order that the work may be as perfect as possible, public sanitary authorities and physicians, boards of health, and bacteriologists will be asked to co-operate. It is easy to see that a work of this kind, efficiently carried out, will be of immense value to every community in which observations are made and satisfactory data as to climatic peculiarities are supplied.

Men and Things.

THERE seems to be a revival of interest at present in the Arthurian legends, though with many of us the delight in those tales of far-off Britain never lessens. A delightful reprint of "Sir Thomas Mallory," with illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley—quite the best he has ever done—has come over to us from England in a limited edition at ten dollars a volume (What right have book-sellers to tempt one to bankruptcy by showing these treasures on their counters?); and now come the details of Mr. Irving's latest Lyceum production, "King Arthur." Its success was assured, for how could even that elusive abstraction escape the combined efforts of Henry Irving, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Comyns Carr? All these and many more were concerned in the making of the play, it being needless to specify the divisions of labor, and the result was a harmonious whole that probably for many months to come will appeal to Londoners, and that will undoubtedly be placed in Mr. Irving's American repertory next year. It will bring to our memory "Elaine" as it was done several years ago at the Madison Square Theatre. Who could ever forget Annie Russell's gentle, tender *Lily Maid of Astolat* and the strength and romantic fervor of the younger Salvini's *Lancelot*?

There is a series of short articles running at present through *Forest and Stream* that cannot but appeal to every one who knows the charm of open air, rough, green country, odorous woods, and, above all, distance from the "madding crowd." It is called "A Backwoods Correspondence," and purports to be the letter-writing to and fro between two old trappers, once close companions but now separated and living apart. "Rusty" and "Sile" are the correspondents, and there is a deal of humor and pathos and a superabundant love of nature in its various moods shown in the quaint, homely letters. Mr. F. Berkeley Smith is the real author of them, and it is rather interesting to note that he is the son of his father, Mr. Frank Hopkinson Smith, though it would require little stretch of the imagination, after reading this rather primitive correspondence, with its fresh quality of humor and evident powers of observation and appreciation, to see this relationship slightly altered, and to find Mr. Hopkinson Smith the father of his son.

The mastery of the art of illustration is confined to a select few that seldom have to admit a new-comer to share their meed of praise and admiration. The reason for this is two-fold: an illustrator must first be able to express himself, through his art, worthily, and then he must manage in addition to express the subtleties and charms of the subject to be illustrated. He must stand for the author as well as for himself. His success as an illustrator depends on his ability to do justice to both. Mr. Albert Edward Sterner is the latest one to join that much-too-small group, Abbey, Parsons, Thompson, and Pyle. His illustrations to the new edition of Poe, now in course of publication, are remarkable examples of sympathetic and appreciative illustration, combined with an artistic quality far from ordinary. It is no easy task to interpret adequately the sombre, super-subtle, and fantastic genius of Poe, but Mr. Sterner has succeeded admirably.

The outlandish name of I. Zangwill has been staring at us for the last two or three years from magazines, reviews, London play-bills, and book-sellers' lists with a frequency that has aroused unusual curiosity, and it is a satisfaction to know that the I stands for Isaac, and that Isaac

and Zangwill together stand for a very clever young English Jew of some thirty years, who was born and bred in the London Ghetto, and who, after a common-school education, entered and took his degree from the University of London, after which he professed literature and proved his profession by winning a way to the attention of intelligent and discriminating readers. He has a keen wit, a delightful facility with those dangerous things, paradoxes, a sound sense, and a wide knowledge of men and books. He should do something permanent.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

People Talked About.

—IN thirty-six years of incessant work with his brush Puvis de Chavannes has earned seventy-eight thousand dollars—an annual average of less than twenty-two hundred dollars. Even this small sum does not represent his net profit, as the rent of his studio and the expense of models, frames, colors, etc., must be deducted therefrom. The statistics are not encouraging to young painters. The artist is now seventy-one. At thirty he was unknown, and almost by accident he attracted notice through some decorative panels painted on the walls of his brother's house, near Lyons. The French government has been a constant patron of his work, but not a generous one. During a period of ten years he has painted fourteen panels for the State, giving to them all his time and attention, and receiving as remuneration about ten thousand dollars. One of the panels is eighteen yards long.

—A familiar figure to New York people is Richard Henry Stoddard. No man of equal distinction cares less about dress and personal appearance than does Mr. Stoddard. With his hands buried deep in the pockets of a usually worn overcoat, and an equally well-used hat pulled over his head so that the keen, gray eyes of the poet are barely visible, he may be seen any clear afternoon walking up Broadway, invariably with a supply of books under his arm and the latest English literary periodicals protruding from his upper-coat pockets, to the Century Club, where he works after the duties of the day at the *Mail and Express* office are finished. Mr. Stoddard is an indefatigable worker for hours at a time, frequently using the left hand when the right becomes tired.

—Regarded from a material point of view, Massenet's patronage of Miss Sibyl Sanderson has been a profitable investment for himself, as her success in the title rôle of his operas has diffused his fame in remote corners of the world. The composer is an attractive man of the world, and the politest man, it is said, in Paris. He has a slight and graceful figure that makes him appear younger than his fifty years, and he is polished to the last degree, without mannerism or eccentricity. Singularly enough, his house in Paris does not contain a piano, and he is said never to use one when composing. Massenet is not rich, and until "Manon" achieved its great success he was obliged to rely on his salary from the Conservatoire for support.

—One of the prominent Americans figuring in the Chinese war, Mr. Philo Norton McGriffin, who is commander of the largest war-ship in the Chinese navy, is a native of Washington, Pennsylvania. He was a student in Washington and Jefferson College for two years, and then entered the naval academy at Annapolis. His father was a classmate of Mr. Blaine in Washington College. After his graduation from Annapolis he continued two years in the United States navy, and then went to China to serve in the war against France, having command of a gun boat. He was seriously injured in a naval battle some months ago, but has now completely recovered.

—Of all Henry Clay's losses at the card-table, some of them historic, none ever excited more interest than that of his famous Andalusian jackass. This animal, the ancestor of a celebrated strain of Virginia mules, was imported by Commodore Rodgers, who traded it to Mr. Clay in exchange for the lot on which the Blaine mansion stands, in Washington. The story is recalled by the demolition of the old house, popular interest in which is shown by the demands that have reached the contractors from all parts of the Union for relics. Requests have been made for bricks, and even bits of wood, but particularly for parts of the bannisters to make canes of.

—The wife of ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt has a passion for cats. She has a family of fluffy gray kittens, who wear red ribbons and behave with most charming dignity when their mistress receives visitors. A big white Angora, with blue eyes, also shares the luxury of Mrs. Platt's household. Recently Mr. Platt was called upon to name two twin kittens, both jet black in color. He christened one Lexow and the other Parkhurst.

—Gilbert, the librettist, writes on a pad held in his lap, his feet propped up by a stool. He never uses a desk. As he composes he holds before him an imaginary auditor who is particularly dull and not quick in grasping an idea. It is his purpose to write down to this individual's level. Mr. Gilbert is said to have the American habit of eating a dinner in fifteen minutes.

—Evelena Bray Dounney, who died recently after having been famous for years as "Whittier's sweetheart," is said to have confessed that she refused the poet more out of diffidence than disdain. She lived in Marblehead at the time of her romance, and was a pretty girl of seventeen, with brown hair, rosy cheeks, and hazel eyes.



COLONEL SAMUEL NOWLIN.



ROBERT WILCOX, HALF-BREED REVOLUTIONIST.



JUDGE WEIDAMANN.



WILLIAM RICKARD.



SANDFORD B. DOLE, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.



SAMUEL PARKER.

THE RECENT UPRISING IN HAWAII—PRESIDENT DOLE AND THE LEADERS OF THE ROYALIST PARTY.—[SEE PAGE 102]



HAMILTON FISH, SPEAKER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.—[SEE PAGE 103]



THE NEW DORMITORY OF THE DELTA PSI SOCIETY AT YALE UNIVERSITY. [SEE PAGE 103]



B. F. RUSSELL, REPUBLICAN SPEAKER OF THE MISSOURI HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY. [SEE PAGE 103]



THE SKATING SEASON AT RED BANK, NEW JERSEY—THE METHOD OF ANNOUNCING RESULTS.



"On descending I found a curious-looking figure in a gray dressing-gown."

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.*

As written by J. Stark Munro to his friend and former fellow-student, Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the years 1881-84.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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X.—(Continued).



It wasn't a pretty sight. A woman, pinched and bedraggled, with a baby on her arm, was being knocked about by a burly brute of a fellow, whom I judged to be her husband from the way in which he cherished her. He was one of those red-faced, dark-eyed men who can look peculiarly malignant when they choose. It was clear that he was half mad with drink, and that she had been trying to lure him away from some den. I was just in time to see him take a flying kick at her, amid cries of "Shame!" from the crowd, and then lurch forward again with the evident intention of having another, the mob still expostulating vaguely.

Well, Bertie, if it had been old student days I should have sailed straight in, as you or any other fellow would have done. My flesh crept with my loathing for the brute. But I had also to think of what I was, and where I was, and what I had come

there to do. However, there are some things which a man cannot stand, so I took a couple of steps forward, put my hand on the fellow's shoulder, and said in as conciliatory and genial a voice as I could muster, "Come, come, my lad. Pull yourself together."

Instead of "pulling himself together" he very nearly knocked me asunder. I was all abroad for an instant. He had turned on me like a flash, and had struck me on the throat, just under the chin, my head being a little back at the moment. It made me swallow once or twice, I can tell you. Well, sudden as the blow was, I had countered, in the automatic sort of way that a man who knows anything of boxing does. It was only from the elbow, with no body behind it, but it served to stave him off for the moment while I was making inquiries about my windpipe. Then in he came with a rush, and the crowd closing in with shrieks of delight, we were pushed, almost locked in each other's arms, on to that big pedestal of which I have spoken. "Go it, little 'un!" "Give him beans!" yelled the mob, who had lost all sight of the origin of the fray, and could only see that my opponent was two inches the shorter man. So there, my dear Bertie, was I, within a few hours of my entrance into this town, with my top-hat down to my ears, my highly professional frock-coat, and my kid gloves, fighting some low bruiser on a pedestal in

one of the most public places, in the heart of a yelling and hostile mob. I ask you whether that was cruel luck or not?

Cullingworth told me before I started that Birchespool was a lively place. For the next few minutes it struck me as the liveliest I had ever seen. The fellow was a round-hand hitter, but so strong that he needed watching. A round blow is, as you know, more dangerous than a straight one if it gets home, for the angle of the jaw, the ear, and the temple are the three weakest points which you present. However, I took particular care that my man did not get home, but on the other hand I fear that I did not do him much harm either. He bored in with his head down and I, like a fool, broke my knuckles over the top of his impenetrable skull. Of course, theoretically, I should either have stepped back and tried an undercut, or else taken him into chancery, but I must confess to feeling flurried and rattled from the blow I had had, as well as from the suddenness of the whole affair. However, I was cooling down and I dare say should in time have done something rational, when the affray came to a sudden and unexpected end.

This was from the impatience and excitement of the crowd. The folk behind, wishing to see all that was going on, pushed against those in front, until half a dozen of the foremost (with, I think, a woman among them) were flung right up against us.

* Commenced in the issue of December 13th.

One of these, a rough sailor-like fellow in a jersey, got wedged between us, and my antagonist in his blind rage got one of his swinging blows home upon this new-comer's ear. "What, you —!" yelled the sailor, and in an instant he had taken over the whole contract, and was at it hammer and tongs with my beauty. I grabbed my stick, which had fallen among the crowd, and backed my way out, rather disheveled, but very glad to get off so cheaply. From the shouting which I could hear some time after I reached the door of my lodgings I gathered that a good battle was still raging.

You see it was the merest piece of luck in the world that my first appearance in Birchespool was not in the dock of the police court. I should have had no one to answer for me if I had been arrested, and should have been put quite on a level with my adversary. I dare say you think I made a great fool of myself, but I should like to know how I could have acted otherwise. To gain all Harley Street and Cavendish Square, I would not stand by quietly while a woman was knocked about.

After all, I see more and more clearly that both men and women are incomplete, fragmentary, mutilated creatures, as long as they are single. Do what they may to persuade themselves that their state is the happiest, they are still full of vague unrests, of dim, ill-defined dissatisfactions, of a tendency to narrow ways and selfish thoughts. Alone, each is a half-made being with every instinct and feeling yearning for its missing moiety. Together, they form a complete and symmetrical whole, the mind of each strongest where that of the other needs re-enforcing. I often think that if our souls survive death (and I believe they do, though I base my belief on very different grounds from yours) every male soul will have a female one attached to or combined with it, to round it off and give it symmetry. So thought the old Mormon, you remember, who used it as an argument for his creed. "You cannot take your railway stocks into the next world with you," he said. "But with all our wives and children we should make a good start in the world to come."

I dare say you are smiling at me, as you read this, from the vantage-ground of your two years of matrimony. It will be long before I shall be able to put my views into practice.

Well, good-bye, my dear old chap. As I said at the beginning of my letter, the very thought of you is good for me, and never more so than at this moment, when I am alone in a strange city, with very dubious prospects and an uncertain future. We differ as widely as the poles, you and I, and have done ever since I have known you. You are true to your faith, I to my reason; you to your family politics, I to my own ideas; but our friendship shows that the real essentials of a man, and his affinity for others, depends upon quite other things than views on abstract questions. Anyway, I can say with all my heart that I wish I saw you, with that old corn-cob of yours between your teeth, sitting in that rickety American leather arm-chair with the villainous lodging-house antimacassar over the back of it. It is good of you to tell me how interested you are in my rather commonplace adventures, though if I had not known that you were so, you may be sure that I should never have ventured to inflict any of them upon you. My future is now all involved in obscurity, but it is obvious that the first thing I must do is to find a fitting house, and my second to see if I can cajole the landlord to let me enter into possession of it without any prepayment. To that I will turn myself to-morrow morning, and you shall know the result. Whom should I hear from the other day but Archie McLagan. Of course it was a begging-letter. You can judge how far I am in a state to lose money, but in a hot fit I sent him ten shillings, which now, in my cold, I bitterly regret.

XI.

1, OAKLEY VILLAS, BIRCHESPOOL,
May 28th, 1882.

BIRCHESPOOL is really a delightful place, dear Bertie, and I ought to know something about it, seeing that I have padded a good hundred miles through its streets during the last seven days. Its mineral springs used to be quite the mode a century or more ago, and it retains many traces of its aristocratic past, carrying it with a certain grace, too, as an *émigré* countess might wear the faded dress which had once rustled in Versailles. I forget the new, roaring suburbs, with their outgoing manufactures and their incoming wealth, and I live in the queer, health-giving old city of the past. The wave of fashion has long passed over it, but a deposit of dreary respectability has been left behind. In the High Street you can see the long iron extinguishers upon the railings, where the link-boys used to put out their torches, instead of stamping upon them or slapping them on the pavement, as was the custom in less high-toned quarters. There are the very high curbstones, too, so that Lady Teazle or Mrs. Sneerwell

could step out of coach or sedan-chair without soiling her dainty satin shoes. It brings home to me what an unstable chemical compound man is. Here are all the stage accessories as good as ever, while the players have split up into hydrogen and oxygen and nitrogen and carbon, with traces of iron and silica and phosphorus. A tray full of chemicals and three buckets of water—there is the raw material of my lady in the sedan-chair. It's a curious double picture, if one could but conjure it up. On the one side the high-born bucks, the mincing ladies, the scheming courtiers, pushing and planning and striving every one of them to attain his own petty object. Then for a jump of a hundred years. What is this in the corner of the old vault? Margarine and cholesterine, carbonates, sulphates, and ptomaines. We turn from it in loathing, and as we go we carry with us that from which we fly.

But mind you, Bertie, I have a very high respect for the human body, and I hold that it has been unduly snubbed and maligned by divines and theologians: "our gross frames," and "our miserable mortal clay," are phrases which to my mind partake more of blasphemy than of piety. It is no compliment to the Creator to depreciate his handiwork. Whatever theory or belief we may hold about the soul, there can, I suppose, be no doubt that the body is immortal. Matter may be transformed (in which case it may be re-transformed), but it can never be destroyed. If a comet were to strike this globe of ours, and to knock it into a billion fragments which were splashed all over the solar system; if its fiery breath were to lick up the earth's surface until it was peeled like an orange, still at the end of a hundred millions of years every tiniest particle of our bodies would exist, in other forms and combinations, but still those very atoms which now form the forefinger which traces these words. So the child with the same wooden bricks will build a wall, then strew them on the table; then a tower, then strew once more, and so ever with the same bricks.

But then our individuality! I often wonder whether something of that will cling to our atoms—whether the dust of Johnnie Munro will ever have something of him about it, and be separate from that of Bertie Swanborough. I think it is possible that we do impress ourselves upon the units of our own structure. There are facts which tend to show that every tiny organic cell of which a man is composed contains in its microcosm a complete miniature of the individual of which it forms a part. The ovum itself, from which we are all produced, is, as you know, too small to be transfixed upon the point of a fine needle, and yet within that narrow globe lies the potentiality, not only for reproducing the features of two individuals, but even their smallest tricks of habit and of thought. Well, if a single cell contains so much, perhaps a single molecule and atom has more than we think.

Have you ever had any personal experience of dermoid cysts? We had one in Cullingworth's practice just before his illness, and we were both much excited about it. They seem to me to be one of those wee little chinks through which one may see deep into nature's workings. In this case the fellow, who was a clerk in the post-office, came to us with a swelling over his eyebrow. We opened it, under the impression that it was an abscess, and found inside some hair and a rudimentary jaw with teeth in it. You know that such cases are common enough in surgery, and that no pathological museum is without an example.

But what are we to understand by it? So startling a phenomenon must have a deep meaning. That can only be, I think, that every cell in the body has the power latent in it by which it may reproduce the whole individual, and that occasionally, under some special circumstances—some obscure nervous or vascular excitement—one of those microscopic units of structure actually does make a clumsy attempt in that direction.

But, my goodness! where have I got to? All this comes from the Birchespool lamp-posts and curb-stones. And I sat down to write such a practical letter, too! However, I give you leave to be as dogmatic and didactic as you like in return. Cullingworth says my head is like a bursting capsule, with all the seeds getting loose. Poor seed, too, I fear, but some of it may lodge somewhere—or not, as fate pleases.

I wrote to you last on the night that I reached here. Well, next morning I set to work upon my task. You would be surprised (at least I was) to see how practical and methodical I can be. First of all I walked down to the post-office and I bought a large shilling map of the town. Then back I came and pinned this out upon the lodging-house table. This done, I set to work to study it, and to arrange a series of walks by which I should pass through every street of the place. You have no idea what that means until you try to do it. I used to have breakfast, get out about ten, walk till one, have a cheap luncheon (I can do well on

threepence), walk till four, get back, and note results. On my map I put a cross for every empty house and a circle for every doctor; and so, at the end of that time, I had a complete chart of the whole place, and could see at a glance where there was a possible opening, and what opposition at each point.

In the meantime, I had enlisted an ally who was as much excited about it as I was myself. On the second evening a card was solemnly brought in by the landlady's daughter from the lodger who occupied the room below. On it was inscribed: "Captain Whitehall," and then, underneath in brackets, "armed transport." On the back of the card was written—"Captain Whitehall (armed transport) presents his compliments to Dr. Munro, and would be glad of his company to supper at 8:30." To this I answered: "Dr. Munro presents his compliments to Captain Whitehall (armed transport), and will be most happy to accept his kind invitation." What "armed transport" might mean I had not an idea, but I thought it well to include it, as he seemed so particular about it himself.

On descending I found a curious-looking figure in a gray dressing-gown with a purple cord. He was an elderly man—his hair not quite white yet, but well past mouse color. His beard and mustache, however, were of a yellowish brown, and his face all puckered and shot with wrinkles, spare and yet puffy, with hanging bags under his singularly light blue eyes.

"By —! Dr. Munro, sir," said he, as he shook my hand; "I take it as very kind of you that you should accept an informal invitation. I do, sir, by —!"

This sentence was, as it proved, a very typical one, for he nearly always began and ended each with an oath, while the centre was, as a rule, remarkable for a certain suave courtesy. So regular was his formula that I may omit it, and you suppose it every time that he opened his mouth. A dash here and there will remind you.

"It's been my practice, Dr. Munro, sir, to make friends with my neighbors through life, and some strange neighbors I have had. By —! sir, humble as you see me, I have sat with a general on my right and an admiral on my left, and my toes up against a British ambassador. That was when I commanded the armed transport *Hegira*, in the Black Sea, in '55. Burst up in the great gale in Balaklava Bay sir, and not as much left as you could pick your teeth with."

There was a strong smell of whisky in the room, and an uncorked bottle upon the mantelpiece. The captain himself spoke with a curious stutter, which I put down at first to a natural defect, but his lurch as he turned back to his arm-chair showed me that he had had as much as he could carry.

"Not much to offer you, Dr. Munro, sir. The hind leg of a — duck, and a sailor's welcome. Not royal navy, sir; though I have a — sight better manners than many that are. No, sir; I fly no false colors and put no R. N. after my name, but I'm the Queen's servant, by —! No mercantile marine about me. Have a wet, sir? Two finger-breads before a meal and three after is a second mate's nip."

Well, as the supper progressed I warmed with the liquor and the food, and I told my new acquaintance what my plans and intentions were. I didn't realize how lonely I had been until I found the pleasure of talking. He listened to it all with much sympathy, and, to my horror, tossed off a whole tumblerful of neat whisky to my success. So enthusiastic was he that it was all I could do to prevent him from draining a second one.

"You'll do it, Dr. Munro, sir!" he cried. "I know a man when I see one, and you'll do it. There's my hand, sir! I'm with you. You needn't be ashamed to grasp it, for by —! though I say it myself, it's been open to the poor and shut to a bully ever since I could suck milk. Yes, sir; you'll make a good officer, and I'm — glad to have you on my poop."

For the remainder of the evening his fixed delusion was that I had come to serve under him, and he read me long, rambling lectures about ship's discipline, still always addressing me as "Dr. Munro, sir." At last, however, his conversation became unbearable—a foul young man is odious, but a foul old one is surely the most sickening thing on earth. One feels that the white upon the hair, like that upon the mountain, should signify a height attained. I rose and bade him good-night with a last impression of him, leaning back in his dressing-gown, a sodden cigar-end in the corner of his mouth, his beard all slopped with whisky, and his half-glazed eyes looking sideways after me with the leer of a satyr. I had to go into the street and walk up and down for half an hour before I felt clean enough to go to bed.

Well, I wanted to see no more of my neighbor, but in he came as I was sitting at breakfast, smelling like a bar parlor, with stale whisky oozing at every pore.

"Good-morning, Dr. Munro, sir," said he, holding out a twitching hand. "I compliment you, sir! You look fresh, — fresh, and me with a head like a toy-shop. We had a pleasant, quiet evening, and I took nothing to hurt, but it is the — relaxing air of this place that settles me. I can't bear up against it. Last year it gave me the horrors, and I expect it will again. You're off house-hunting, I suppose?"

"I start immediately after breakfast."

"Well, I take a — interest in the whole thing. You may think it a — impertinence, but that's the way I'm made. As long as I can steam I'll throw a rope to whoever wants a tow. I'll tell you what I'll do, Dr. Munro, sir. I'll stand on one tack if you'll stand on the other, and I'll let you know if I come across anything that will do."

Well, there seemed to be no alternative between taking him with me or letting him go alone, so I could only thank him and let him have *carte blanche*. Every night he would turn up, more than half drunk as a rule, having, I believe, walked his ten or fifteen miles as conscientiously as I had done. He came, as a rule, with the most grotesque suggestions. Once he had actually entered into negotiations with the owner of a huge shop, a place that had been a draper's, with a counter about sixty feet long. His reason was that he knew an inn-keeper who had done very well a little further down on the other side. Poor old "armed transport" worked so hard that I could not help being touched and grateful, yet I longed from my heart that he would stop, for he was a most unsavory agent, and I never knew what extraordinary step he might take in my name. He introduced me to two other men, one of them a singular-looking creature named Turpey, who was struggling along upon a wound-pension, having, when only a senior midshipman, lost the sight of one eye and the use of one arm through the injuries he received at some unpronounceable Pah in the Maori War. The other was a sad-faced, poetical-looking man, of good birth as I understood, who had been disowned by his family on the occasion of his eloping with the cook. His name was Carr, and his chief peculiarity that he was so regular in his irregularities that he could always tell the time of day by the state of befuddlement that he was in. He would cock his head, think over his own symptoms, and then give you the hour fairly correctly. An unusual drink would disarrange him, however, and if you forced the pace in the morning he would undress and go to bed about tea time with a full conviction that all the clocks had gone mad. These two strange waifs were among the craft to whom old Whitehall had, in his own words, "thrown a rope," and long after I had gone to bed I could hear the clink of their glasses and the tapping of their pipes against the fender, in the room below.

(To be continued.)

The Hawaiian Royalists.

THE persistence with which the royalist party in Hawaii holds out in its hostility to the established government is not, perhaps, surprising when the attitude which Mr. Cleveland has occupied to the island republic is taken into account. That attitude has been one of almost malignant hostility, and the royalists have been fully justified in believing that the administration would look with complacency upon, if it did not actually favor, any movement that might be undertaken for the restoration of the discredited queen. The recent outbreak, which was so promptly suppressed, had its inspiration in this belief, which was all the more reasonable because of the singular withdrawal from Honolulu of the one man-of-war usually stationed there. The leaders of this conspiracy were Wilcox, the half-breed revolutionist of 1889, and Colonel Samuel Nowlein, who was formerly commander of the Queen's Guards. The latter has been a faithful follower of her dusky Majesty, and remained every night, with a handful of loyal guards, at the residence occupied by her. About five hundred natives received arms and ammunition, which had been secretly landed, and there were several skirmishes in which the royalists were defeated. Nowlein is spoken of in press dispatches as a joint leader with Wilcox, but is probably the chief of the expedition, and if captured will probably be executed.

Other royalist leaders who were connected with this petty revolution were William Rickard, Judge Weidemann, and Samuel Parker. Rickard is a Scotchman by birth, and vice-president of the Hawaiian National League. He was one of the first men arrested in Honolulu as a participator in the last uprising, and has been identified with every plot looking to the restoration of Liliuokalani. Judge Weidemann was a member of the Cummings-Parker-Weidemann Commission that visited Washington last summer in the interest of Liliuokalani; and last October started on a solitary mission for her, ostensibly to invoke the assistance of

Germany and England. He is believed in Honolulu to have purchased in British Columbia the arms used in this last revolt. He is a millionaire, ranking in point of wealth on the islands next to Claus Spreckels. His son, Carl Weidmann, was also among the number arrested at Honolulu. Portraits of these royalist conspirators, and also of President Dole, the sagacious head of the government, are given on another page.

Life-saving on the Lakes.

MUCH has been written of the noble work of the life-saving crews of the Atlantic coast, who keep unsleeping watch at the approaches to the great seaports where the ocean greyhounds from Europe land their living freights; who line the stormy capes whose lights beam upon the commerce of the West Indies and of South America, or where the hardy fishermen from the Banks come down from the north with their silvery sea-spoil. Nor could too much be written of the bravery and devotion of those rugged guardians of our stormy coasts. There are others, however, whose deeds, though unchronicled, are no less daring, whose lives are no less self-sacrificing, who guard a coast, a thousand miles in extent, along treacherous seas which float a commerce as heavy as that of the Atlantic seaboard, whose humble labors are worthy of equal praise.

The storms of the lakes differ from the storms of the ocean as the lee shore differs from the open sea—as shallow waters lashed to fury differ from the steady rolling of the deep, and as the fresh water of the lakes is less buoyant than the salt sea. The lake water is heavier to navigate; it crowds against the bows of a vessel and pushes it down, instead of dividing before it and carrying it upon its bosom, as does the sea. It is colder, too, with the crushing, icy grip of death, and when in anger—and never was it so angry as last year—its blows beat quicker and harder than those of the ocean. There is less sea-room, too—less room to run before the storm; and if the bed of the ocean is covered with wrecks, the shallow floor of the lakes is white with the bones of mariners.

Fog and snow are more frequent on the lakes than on the ocean anywhere except the Banks, and voyage after voyage may be taken without ever seeing a light from port to port. Snow-storms often sweep the upper lakes as late as the close of May, and so cold are the waters that there is little temptation for the sailors to learn to swim; so that a native lake sailor, if he be swept overboard, does not swim about waiting for a line or a plank, but goes plumb to the bottom, never to rise again.

It was Captain David P. Dobbins, of Buffalo, and Captain R. C. Gunning, of Chicago, who led the first relief crew at Buffalo in October, 1853, to a sinking wreck on the lakes. A single man was seen, after all his comrades had dropped into the surf, tossing helplessly on the mast-head. No boat could face the storm until after a toilsome journey around the foot of the lake and across the Niagara River. The little crew put off from the Canada side with the wind at their backs. They succeeded in saving the man, and were each presented by the government with a gold watch in token of their bravery. Captain Dobbins was later appointed superintendent of the ninth district, and held that post until shortly before his death. Captain Gunning is now the sole survivor of the crew, and is looked up to as the patriarch of the life-savers of the lakes.

The Atlantic coast, from Quoddy Head to Jupiter Inlet, has one hundred and forty stations with about one thousand men. The lake stations are forty-eight in number, and are manned from April 1st to December 5th by three hundred and forty men. During the winter months, when navigation is supposed to be closed, the keeper usually lives at the station and the men at call not far away, ever on the alert for calls for help from the misty waters, giving their time, except during actual service, without remuneration.

The boats used at the lake stations are of two kinds, the heavy English life-boat, weighing two tons or more and requiring to be towed out to the vicinity of the wreck by a steam tug, and the lighter six-oared American surf-boat, of about half the other's weight, which is launched by the men and rowed out through the breakers. When the sea is too high for boats to be used a shot-and-line is fired over the stranded vessel, by the aid of which a hawser is pulled aboard by the wrecked crew and made fast, and they are then brought ashore by the "breaches buoy." The life-car is used where there are women and children to be rescued.

During the fearful storm of May last, when the vessels which sought safety within the Chicago breakwater were thrown helpless upon the beach and upon each other, as in the hurricane at Apia, there were but two men at the Chicago station, the rest of the crew being at the new station which had been established at Jackson Park during the fair. A volunteer crew

was soon obtained, however, and all day long, and the next, in the face of the breakers and a gale from fifty to sixty-eight miles an hour, drenched to the skin with the bitterly-cold water, the brave crew made trip after trip to vessels and breakwater, saving twenty-four lives, and losing only one of those they attempted to save. Seven lives were lost altogether at Chicago in that storm, and nine at Milwaukee. During the year past the Chicago crew has saved ninety-eight lives and many thousands of dollars' worth of property. The Chicago station has been re-manned, but it is still painfully inadequate to a port where the number of arrivals for the past twenty-five years has averaged ten thousand per year, or more than any other port on the continent. What is needed, not only at Chicago but at all of our large ports, as has been repeatedly suggested by experienced seamen, is a strong force, comparable to the fire department in the cities, which should put out to sea upon the approach of a storm, so as to render assistance to vessels in time to prevent shipwreck, instead of awaiting the wreck upon the shore.

The pay of the life-savers is low, considering the risks they are called upon to make. Surfmen, indeed, get sixty-five dollars per month, instead of fifty dollars as formerly, and the pay of station-keepers has been raised from seven hundred dollars to nine hundred dollars per year; but they provide their own food, and have no pension in case of disability or death, only two years' pay being granted by a generous government to those who are maimed in performing their perilous duties. Volunteer surfmen are paid ten dollars for "actual and deserving service" on occasions of disaster, and medals are occasionally given for special acts of bravery.

Surely such deeds as these men perform, prompted by pure courage and unselfish love of humanity, merit the most generous treatment, not only of the men themselves, but of the wives and children of the heroes who have given their lives that others may live.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

The Delta Psi Dormitory at Yale.

IN the Sheffield Scientific Department of Yale University there are two societies that rival each other in point of elegance, exclusiveness and desirability for membership. They are Delta Psi, or the T Company, and Sigma Delta Chi, or the Cloister. The Cloister for a number of years has had a beautiful dormitory, located at the entrance to Hillhouse Avenue on Grove Street. The Delta Psi men have put up in a less pretentious house at 43 College Street, but they have been none the less sought after, nor in any way second to the Cloister men. This year, however, marks an advance in the matter of a Delta Psi dormitory that puts it foremost on the list of societies owning their own apartment and chapter houses. Located directly next their chapter house on the corner of College and Wall Streets, St. Anthony Hall, as the new dormitory is called, has a frontage of one hundred and five feet, inclusive of the chapter house. Architecturally it blends with the old building designed by the late H. W. Lindsley, of New Haven. The chapter house is owned by the Anthony Trust Association, of Connecticut, while the Stokes Trust Corporation, also of Connecticut, lays claim to the dormitory. The exterior of the building is very handsome, built as it is of East Haven sandstone, rock faced. A prominent feature of the front of the hall is its loggia. This has three artistic arches and opens out of the library, a room that, when finished, will be one of the handsomest rooms in any building at Yale. Adjoining the library is the main hall, or the reception and lounging-room. This is entered through a spacious vestibule having a tessellated stone floor and an oak-paneled wainscoting seven feet in height, corresponding to the wainscoting in the reception-room, which latter is surmounted by a shelf extending round the room after the fashion of old English houses, and supported by carved grotesque heads.

The building has a front elevation of three stories and two in the rear. Connected with every study is a double bedroom or two single ones. In the basement is a large billiard-room, apartments for the servants, and the heating apparatus of the building.

In days gone by the Delta Psi men have been dubbed the "43 men," or the "T" company men. Forty-three was the number of their house on College Street, while the T company appellation came from the shape of their pin, which resembles the letter T, and is of blue enamel on gold. Now, however, they are calling themselves the "Tony Hall" men, an abbreviation of St. Anthony. Living in the new dormitory at present are Frederick Rustus, of Omaha; W. and L. Forepaugh, of St. Paul; W. H. Hare, of New York; A. P. Thompson, of Scranton; A. W. Pearce, of Denver, Colorado; Lawrence Whitney, of New Haven; Jonathan

Ingersoll, of New Haven; Julian Girard, of New York; Rufus H. King, of Albany; Thomas K. Laughlin, of Pittsburg; Craig Colgate, of New York; Louis L. Lorillard, of New York; Frederick M. Schieffelin, of New York; Charles L. Brinsmade, of Brooklyn; Philip T. Stillman, of Elizabeth; J. A. McCrea, of Pittsburg; A. W. Dater, of Brooklyn; Herbert Conyngham, of Wilkesbarre; L. A. Johnson, of Cleveland; T. M. Adams, of New York; Sherman R. Hall, of Orange; J. M. Goetchins, Jr., of New York; Hugh M. Inman, of New York; J. Metcalfe Polk, of New York; Nathan M. Flower, of New York; Clinton J. Wallis, and others.



How valuable is the sense of absurdity! How it winnows the wheat! And how gently it may displace the unnecessary! What a universal rectifier it has become!

In a pleasantly keen way, "Cissy" Loftus has it. Not that she poses as a reconstructor of the world's stage or its players. But woe be to the actor who provides extravagances for her sense of absurdity to prey upon. Mannerisms and excrescences of deportment in public people provide her with a livelihood. These peculiarities, when once seen, seem to register themselves within her. And when she reproduces them the public laughs—and pays. The caricaturist on paper holds but a small portion of the talent that gives again the subject alive, with all vocal inflections, physical motions, and facial meanings.

The best two imitations yet produced are Dixey's *Irring* and "Cissy's" *Bernhardt*. And the latter performance holds an added charm in presenting a copy rather than a caricature. Indeed, none of her impersonations so exaggerate peculiarities as to seem to seek favor through arousing contempt. As a rule she seeks, not ridicule, but a copy. Her *Bernhardt* is wonderful. So is her French. With *Bernhardt's* accent, too. The way Madame Sarah winds her swan-neck arms about her head and writhes her sinuous body has been the despair of copyists. In her extraordinary recitative her voice often drops into a rather flat cooing, or perhaps complaining, note which seems to leave the sentence unfinished. At times, when in anger, it seems to snap and even bark, like that of a dog. It may hiss exactly like a serpent. But when she is in a fury it may take a high, flat, prolonged, rasping sound, like that of a furious, fighting cat. This last peculiarity has not been fully given by Miss Loftus, but otherwise she has caught all the menagerie methods by which the great actress so scientifically vocalizes certain phases of more primitive womankind.

Miss Loftus was lately giving her *Bernhardt* in London. In one of the boxes a woman was standing. From the opposite boxes nothing could be seen of her but her arm. A famous actress who was present claimed that it was *Bernhardt's* arm. She said: "No one but Madame Sarah has an arm like that, or carries it that way." And so, afterward, it proved to be. The fact is, the great French actress fell into the humor and spirit of the thing, and assisted Miss Loftus in every way to make the imitation successful. Her endeavors in this field gave rise to a little private performance of her own; and few are likely to know how funny the stately *Bernhardt* can be until they witness her imitation of Cissy's imitation of *Bernhardt*. Sarah can afford to do this. She is too great to be small. And well aware she is that no amount of coaching will make a *Bernhardt* of any one else. There is no Sarah but Sarah! and to Cissy she is profit.

Some have regretted that the local production of "Rebellious Susan" is not that of the author. The case of the wife who seeks consolation, or satisfaction for wrong, in turning the tables on an unfaithful husband is no new phase in social life. It is older than history. The Lyceum people have altered the play until *Lady Susan* appears to have only indulged in a perilous flirtation during her absence in Cairo. I have it direct from the author that this was not his intention. The dreadful position of the husband at the attempted reconciliation here loses all its tragedy. Henry Arthur Jones gave us a terrible thing. New York has made it a toy. Thus opinions reasonably differ. In one production there is a shock, a lesson, an insight into life. In the other, immorality is laughed off in comedy, and the tragedy of fact is exchanged for indecent guessing. The temperament of each spectator decides his choice. Some feel that to face a fact of faulty human life, with all its irrevocable wrong and inevitable teaching, is far less noxious and insidious than the conditions which make a comedy of indecent guessing and never rise to the salutary shock of educational tragedy. Others have a right to say they prefer continual comedy and dislike these unasked-for lessons. Each one

to his taste. Jones teaches. New York amuses. *Voila tout!*

An old and perhaps eternal question, but one of undying interest: How far does the individuality of a genius identify itself with the character personated? How far was the elder Booth insane when he produced the finest *Lear* the world has witnessed? The extraordinary effects of complete impersonation can never be catalogued. Here lies a world which no profane and philistine hand can deal with. We never know what unhealed griefs and secret emotional torments may help to rush one soul into seeming identification with another. At a theatre, the other night, an actress was playing *Camille* with an intensity probably never surpassed. It was no ordinary acting. It was living. The last act, in which *Camille* lives her last moments, was painful. If this actress in reality died when portraying the death of *Camille* I should not be greatly surprised. She feels. She suffers. It kills her. At the recall she came out looking rather insane. She kissed both hands wildly and blindly to the audience, then turned her back, bent over, and ran her head into the curtain. An employé came out in his shirt-sleeves and led her back. I know the stage sensation tricks pretty well, but this was not one of them. I do not attempt to explain it. What happens in the infinite mental mysteries when the individuality is forcibly altered? In a true actor, where is the border-land between genius and insanity? The star of Olga Nethersole has not yet reached its zenith. But wait! STINSON JARVIS.

The Loss of the "Elbe."

THE sinking of the German steamship *Elbe*, in the waters of the North Sea, is one of those tragedies of the ocean which no human skill or system of precautions seem adequate to prevent. The *Elbe* was one of the best and staunchest steamships of her class afloat; she was finely officered, and was supplied with every safeguard for the protection of life; but, sailing a familiar sea, she was suddenly struck in the darkness, and in less than half an hour had gone to the bottom with three hundred and thirty-four souls, including the captain, Von Goessel, and the principal officers—only twenty persons escaping. Apparently there was no lack of coolness or any defect of discipline on the part of officers and crew, but the suddenness of the collision, the roughness of the sea, the darkness of the night, the listing of the ship, making one-half of the lifeboats unavailable, and the astonishing rapidity with which she filled and went down, were conditions which no skill or courage could master. The one thing in connection with the disaster which seems inexplicable is the failure of the *Crathie*, which crashed into the *Elbe*, to linger near the scene, with a view of ascertaining what damage had been done and rendering such assistance as might be necessary. The explanation of the captain of the *Crathie* is that his own vessel was so terribly damaged that its condition called for the undivided attention of the officers and the entire crew, all of whom had to bend their energies to saving their ship and their own lives. But the fact remains that the vessel was able to make her way to a port several hours distant, and it is difficult to see how her safety would have been endangered by remaining long enough in the vicinity of the collision to pick up the unfortunate passengers of the *Elbe*.

Two Prominent Legislative Officials.

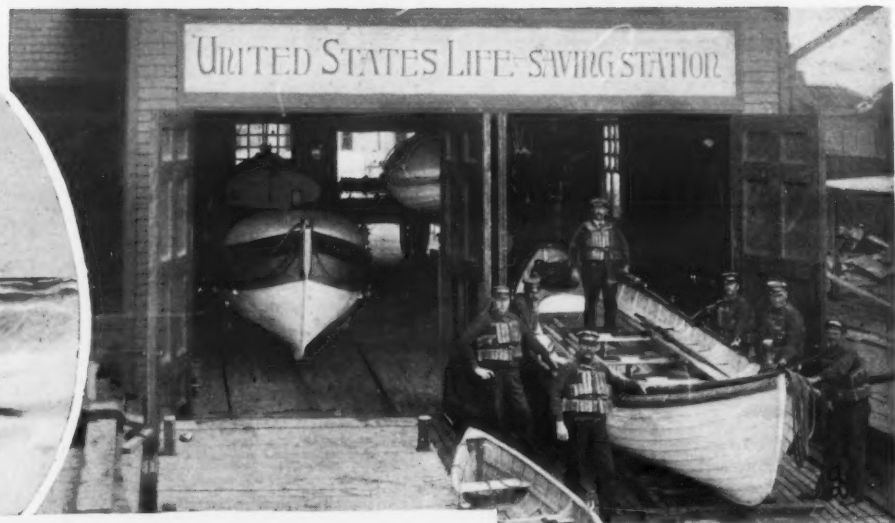
MR. HAMILTON FISH, the speaker of the New York House of Assembly, has been so long and actively identified with political affairs that his elevation to that office can hardly be said to have added to his conspicuity. The place is one of great responsibility, and affords opportunities of great usefulness, especially in the promotion of sound and enlightened legislation; and in attaining it Mr. Fish has not only realized a laudable ambition, but is given occasion for achieving an eminence in the popular regard worthy of his talents and of the name he bears.

MISSOURI'S REPUBLICAN LEGISLATURE.

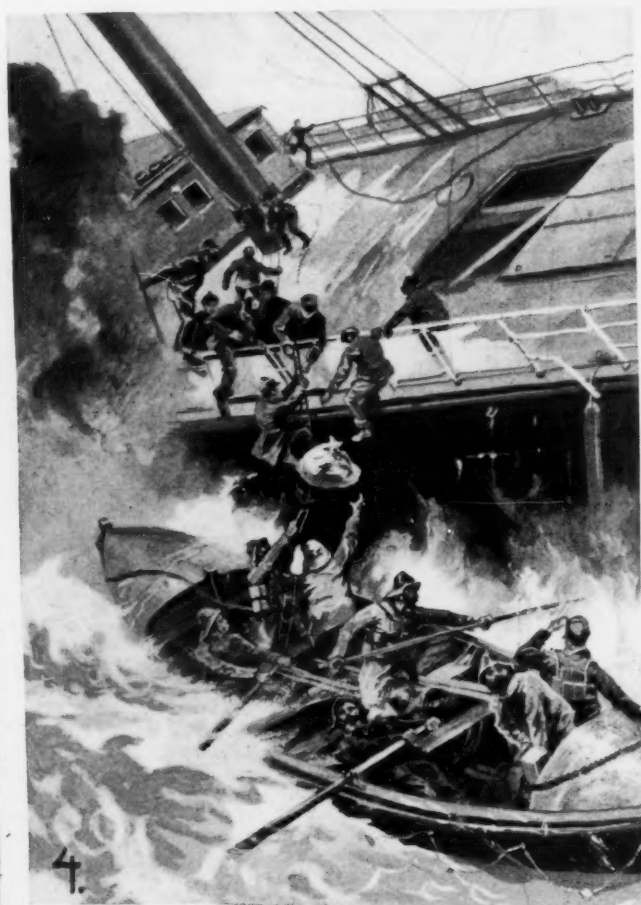
There was probably no feature of the late political landslide more surprising than the result in Missouri. The most sanguine Republican in the State did not anticipate as a possibility that the popular branch of the new Legislature would be Republican by a majority of eighteen. Speaker Benjamin F. Russell is the first Republican to hold a prominent State office in Missouri for twenty-two years. He is an editor and is a very fine type of the big, rugged Western man. A native of Maine, he has lived in Missouri since 1870, and publishes the *Crawford Mirror*, a sterling weekly, devoted mainly to agricultural interests. He became pretty generally known as the clarion-voiced reading-clerk of the last two conventions of National League Clubs. The speaker is personally very popular, and is undoubtedly a rising man in Missouri politics.



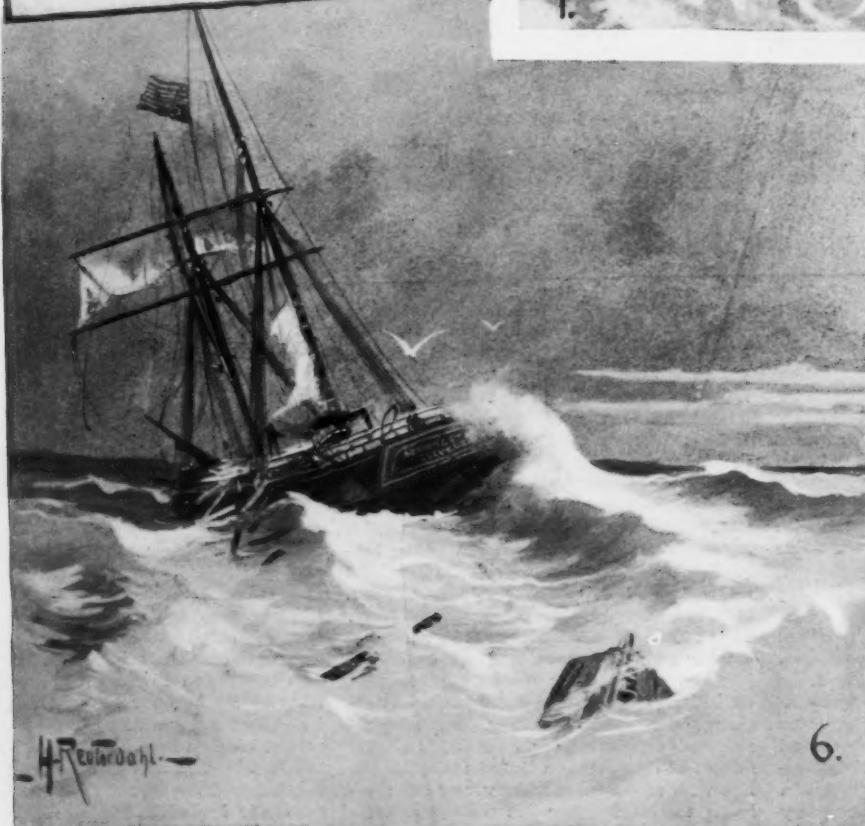
1.



5.



4.



6.



1. Type of life-saving station on the lakes. 2. Interior of the South Chicago station. 3. Training the life-boat crew, Milwaukee. 4. Rescuing the crew of a stranded steamer. 5. In the breeches-buoy. 6. On a sand-bar. 7. Hoisting the distress signal.

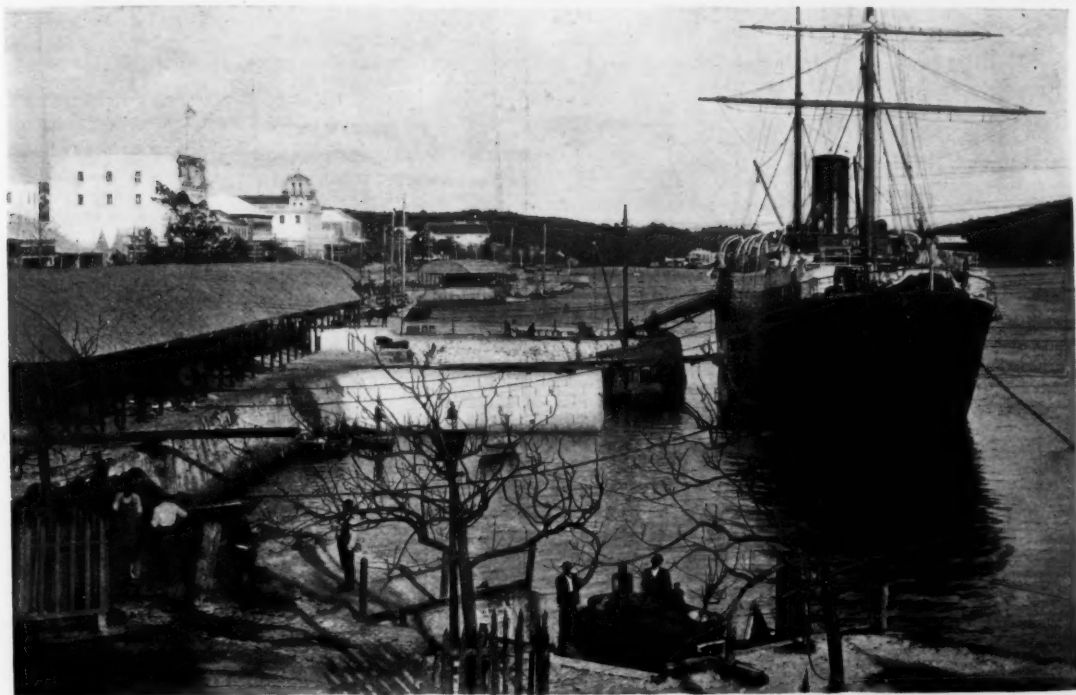
THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE ON THE LAKES.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 103.]



OUT THROUGH CORAL.



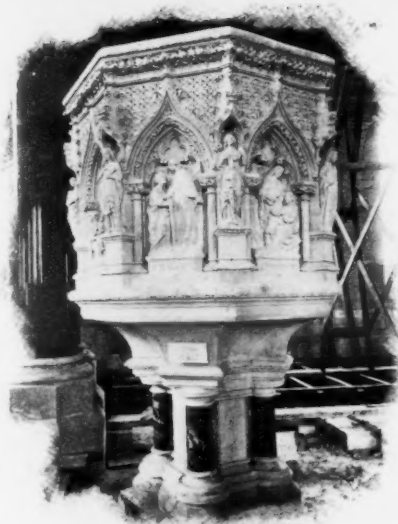
VIEW OF HAMILTON, SHOWING PARLIAMENT HOUSE AND CATHEDRAL.



STEAMSHIP "TRINIDAD" AT NEW DOCK.



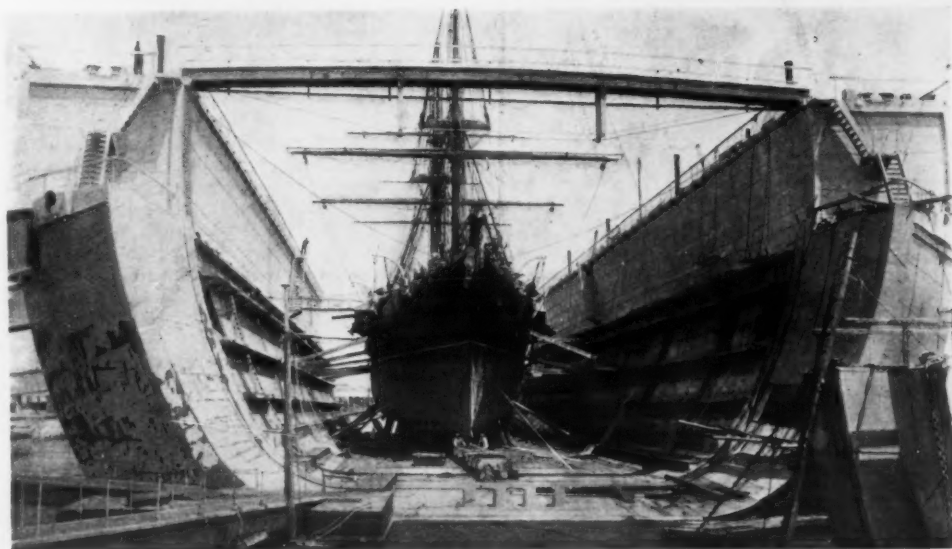
TRUNK OF RUBBER-TREE.



CATHEDRAL PULPIT.



CORAL ROCK QUARRY.



FLOATING DOCK "BERMUDA," THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.



TEMPLE ROCK.

A FAVORITE WINTER RESORT.

THE BERMUDAS AND THEIR ATTRACTIONS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 107.]

DON PEDRITO, THE MEXICAN HEALER.



DON PEDRITO.

can youth. When well along in years he was kicked in the face by a horse and sustained serious injuries. A woman who cared for him told him that he possessed great healing qualities, and that he must go out into the world healing the sick as a recompense for his cure at her hands. He obeyed her command, and his cures soon became noised about. Great crowds came to visit him, and his presence became such a source of disturbance that the Mexican government forced him to leave the country.

With Blas Vela, his companion, he settled in Starr County, Texas, a very sparsely-settled region on the Rio Grande. For ten years he lived there, a mystery to his acquaintances and a subject of awe, owing to his wonderful cures of cases that had defied the skill of the local physicians. The field in Starr County was limited, however, for the practice of the art of healing, and about a year ago he went to San Antonio, Texas, still accompanied by his faithful Blas Vela. They secured permission to lodge in a shed in the rear of the old Grandjean homestead, a place known to the Mexicans for the past one hundred years, and quietly began their work. Don Pedrito's fame soon spread,

THE sensation of the past year among the Mexican residents of southwest Texas was the advent of Pedro Jaramillo, or Don Pedrito, as the natives call him, with his alleged wonderful cures. Don Pedrito is ninety-three years of age, of medium height, slight of frame, and nervous of manner, with a quick, penetrating eye. He is so deaf that he has a traveling companion who listens to the tale of the patient and then pours it into the healer's ear in stentorian tones. Pedrito was born in Guadalupe, Mexico, and grew up in the ordinary way of the poor Mexican youth. When well along in years he was kicked in the face by a horse and sustained serious injuries. A woman who cared for him told him that he possessed great healing qualities, and that he must go out into the world healing the sick as a recompense for his cure at her hands. He obeyed her command, and his cures soon became noised about. Great crowds came to visit him, and his presence became such a source of disturbance that the Mexican government forced him to leave the country.

fee for his services, but allowed his assistant to receive voluntary contributions, which rarely amounted to over fifty cents. One grateful patient tendered him ten dollars, but he accepted only half the amount. He spoke no English, and was not a well-educated man. He wrote fairly well in Spanish, and furnished each patient with a written prescription. All sorts of cases were brought to him for treatment, but he hesitated at none, and his prescriptions were mainly the use of water and fruits in various ways. Baths were also prescribed, and were doubtless beneficial as well as a novelty to many who applied for relief. No two patients received the same treatment.

There were three cases that brought him into great prominence and are well authenticated. One was that of a woman who had been insane for three years. He told her friends to have her eat a can of tomatoes each morning for five mornings, and the woman is walking the streets of San Antonio, as sane as any one, to-day. The second was the case of a woman who was nearly blind. She was told to take twelve small, raw Irish potatoes, put them under her pillow, and eat one each morning until they were gone. Her eyes commenced getting better as the treatment progressed, and to-day they are bright and clear. The third case was that of a consumptive. He was told to take a bath just at dark with his clothes on, and then go and lie on the ground all night in his wet clothes. He did so. Instead of chilling he commenced to steam. At times during the night he cried out with the heat. The next day he was much better, and in the following ten days gained twenty-five pounds.

BLAS VELA.



PATIENTS WAITING TO BE HEALED.

and it was not long before every day could be seen fully one thousand people, the halt, the sick, and the blind, waiting to speak to this repulsive-visaged old man, whose cures were apparently beyond cavil, being testified to by many prominent people in this part of Texas.

His method seems to have been on the faith-cure order, with the addition of some simple prescription to impress the visit on the mind of the patient. He ascribed his power to God alone, and said that in 1897 the world would know who he was, but not before. The Mexicans thought he was St. Peter, and their treatment of him amounted to idolatry. He asked no

Intelligent men talked to Don Pedrito and discussed his wonderful power among themselves. In a vague way it was decided that he possessed strong mesmeric and hypnotic power, but the investigators generally fell back on the theory that it was a case of faith cure.

The matter soon passed the incident stage, and the Mexican population became terribly wrought up. The excitement spread to the white element. The healer held his levees all day long, and from dark until nearly dawn drove from house to house where he had been requested to call. Many of the houses he called at were the homes of the prominent and wealthy

white people of San Antonio, who did not care for the publicity of the daylight interviews. The regular physicians were inclined to laugh at first, but soon became alarmed at the visible inroads on their regular practice. Suddenly Don Pedrito announced that on a certain day he would leave, and he did leave, notwithstanding the fact that hundreds of patients were still struggling for a chance to interview him. His visit has become but a legend now, and no one seems to know where he has gone, but hundreds of letters are still received every month in San Antonio from people, even in the Eastern States, inquiring as to his whereabouts and as to the truth of the newspaper reports of his power to heal. Some of the letters are of a most pathetic character and show the wild grasping at straws by invalids past the aid of human physicians.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

THE AMATEUR FIELD

President Eliot and Foot-ball.

CERTAIN passages, relating to "the evils of the intercollegiate sports," in the annual report of President Eliot, of Harvard University, which was made public on January 30th, must come as a severe and almost humiliating blow to those persons who are supposed to have the interests of intercollegiate foot-ball at heart and the power of legislation in hand.

During the second and third weeks of last month *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* devoted much space to "Reform in Foot-ball." Pointing out the necessity of immediate action, it was said: "Yes, the time is at hand indeed, while the blood yet retains a bit of the heat inspired by the last game of the season, to take up the cudgels in the defense of the greatest of American games." The means at hand to promote action, and the important lines to be followed were also well defined. In urging immediate action just such a report as that of President Eliot was feared, and the part of wisdom seemed to be the forestalling of harsh words from those who have the power to prohibit the game altogether. Immediate action would have meant the existence at this time of a reform committee in recognized working order, with its aims well defined and made public, and President Eliot could hardly have found it in his heart to throw cold water on honest effort in such words as the following:

"In particular, the game of foot-ball grows worse and worse as regards foul and violent play and the number and gravity of the injuries which the players suffer. It has become perfectly clear that the game as now played is unfit for college use. The rules of the game are at present such as to cause inevitably a large number of broken bones, sprains, and wrenches, even during trial or practice games played legitimately; and they also permit those who play with reckless violence or with shrewd violations of the rules to gain thereby great advantages. What is called the development of the game has steadily increased its risks until they have become unjustifiable. Naturally the public is

which enjoy the prize-fight, cock-fight, or bull-fight, or which in other centuries delighted in the sports of the Roman arena. Several fatal accidents have happened this year to school-boys and college-students on the foot-ball field; and in every strenuous game now played, whether for practice or in an intercollegiate or other competition, there is the ever-present liability to death on the field."

In view of such strong words of condemnation many will ask the question, "How can he further countenance the playing of the game by Harvard men?" That he is thoroughly displeased with the present state of affairs is evident. Likewise, the fact that he offers not a single recommendation of a reform nature is significant. At the same time he refrains from expressing the determination to stop the game, and this may be taken as proof in a way that he is willing to be convinced, by a well-organized and thorough reform movement, that the game may become fit to grace the lists of intercollegiate contests. At present, the Eliot anti-foot-ball axe hangs upon a thread, the sustaining power of which depends altogether on the satisfactory work of a recognized body of foot-ball men in joint convention, in the near future.

NO YALE-UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA BASE-BALL GAME THIS YEAR.

ON most excellent authority it may be stated that the Yale and University of Pennsylvania base-ball nines will not meet on the diamond this year. In refusing to grant the Quakers a place upon her schedule, Yale puts herself on record for the second time of not caring for further contests with the Pennsylvania men. Last fall former Captain Hinkey, of the foot-ball team, refused all overtures on the part of Knipe, Woodruff, Bell, and others of Pennsylvania for the usual game in New York before the great contest with Harvard at Springfield. Much criticism followed as a result of Hinkey's action, but only from Pennsylvania men and neutral parties who, not understanding that there was any basis for just grievance, put Yale down as "babies fearing defeat." The trifling incident of several years ago, when a Pennsylvania player made the successful and dastardly attempt to put Gill, a Yale tackle, out of a practice game of foot-ball played in Philadelphia, by knocking out two of his front teeth, when Gill in the endeavor to play ball had his eye on the ball, was almost forgotten when Yale for the last time lined up against Pennsylvania in New York in 1893. Incidents happened in that game, however, which broke the camel's back, as it were, and not the least of these were the biting of Butterworth and the kicking of Armstrong while he lay prostrate over the touch-line. This latter assault was perpetrated by a Pennsylvania substitute, and with his heavy shoe he opened up a jagged rent in the Yale man's scalp. The Yale-Pennsylvania base-ball muddle at New Haven last year is better understood, though it may be well to remember that the Pennsylvania faculty made Captain Hollister recede from the unsportsmanlike position which he had assumed. These happenings, however, form but a slight part of Yale's grievance against Pennsylvania. The least said, though, in such matters, the better, only it is to be hoped that when judgment is passed later in the year on Yale, when the base-ball schedule is published minus the name of Pennsylvania, it will be a fair-minded one.

OUR COLLEGE CREWS.

While last year's Harvard crew was admittedly a sorry type of a great university crew, there is every reason to believe that the one this year—the Watson crew—will be markedly its superior. To be sure, undergraduates at Cambridge are not at this time jubilant, and seem inclined to criticize, but graduates in Boston and New York have thus early acquired the confidence that they will be able to visit New London in June and not suffer humiliation because of a processional race. It cannot be said that such confidence has been general in the past few years, and it is pleasing in consequence to note the re-awakening, which means renewed interest, more enthusiasm, and a greater attendance on race-day. Naturally these graduates all hope for a victory—but they simply hope. In view of Yale's supremacy, due to a long-established system which Harvard rowing men have frankly acknowledged the only correct one, it would be rather too partisan to feel certain of a favorable result. Notwithstanding, they make one demand, and that is that their crew be a representative one, which will fight a hard and a close battle with the blue. There is little to feel badly over in the loss of a race by half a boat's-length, but disgrace is the only word which fits a defeat by five hundred yards or more. Strange as it may seem, not a few Yale men hope for a Harvard victory on the water this year. These men of sense think the sport demands it.

At the University of Pennsylvania, Woodruff, the old Yale oarsman, is again in charge, and, so the story goes, is working with steam-engine energy to turn out a fast crew; for upon the success or failure of his efforts will depend

losing faith in the sincerity of the professed desire of coaches, captains, and promoters to reform it."

And again:

"It should be distinctly understood, however, that the players themselves have little real responsibility for the evils of the game. They are swayed by a tyrannical public opinion—partly ignorant and partly barbarous—to the formation of which graduates and undergraduates, fathers, mothers and sisters, leaders of society, and the veriest gamblers and rowdies all contribute.

"The state of mind of the spectators at a hard-fought foot-ball match at Springfield, New York, or Philadelphia cannot but suggest the query how far these assemblages differ at heart from the throngs

his future bread-and-butter, so far as professional rowing instruction goes. That he will succeed in his efforts seems probable, and, assuming that Cornell will produce a crew of the general excellence set by her oarsmen of the past, it is only necessary that Columbia place in a 'varsity boat one of her old-time fast crews, to make a three-cornered race at New London one of the attractions of race-week. Such a race had not been settled definitely at time of going to press, but it seemed likely.

It is early yet to say anything of consequence concerning the work of Yale candidates for rowing honors, beyond the fact, which is in itself of great importance, that there is no truth in the report that Captain Armstrong anticipates difficulty in securing a stroke oar. Though an oar quite as good in all respects as Johnson, last year's stroke, may not be found, at least two men nearly as good, or good enough to meet the exigencies of an ordinary case, are sureties.

Though little, if any, news comes from Cornell, it is understood that Coach Courtney has oceans of fine timber from which to hew a crew fit to try out the best of the English crews which will be met with in their proposed trip to England this summer.

W. T. Bull.

A Page of Browning.

In mute amaze I've watched a maid
For half an hour or more,
While she, with open book in hand,
Above one page doth pore.

Full well I know she scorneth books—
Herself hath told me so—
Yet, o'er a volume Browning writ
Her blonde head bendeth low.

What verse hath so enchanted her thought?
I peer behind the cover—
'Tis the *fly leaf* she doth peruse—
"To Gladys,"

from
Her Lover."
MARGARET GILMAN GEORGE.

The Charms of Bermuda.

ABOVE all, Bermuda is a land of rest. There the electric-light glares not, the street-car jingles not, and the sound of the whistle is still.

All of us know that Bermuda is a group of small islands, three hundred and sixty-five in all, situated about seven hundred miles from New York, but we do not know how easily and pleasantly they are reached, nor what delights await us there.

Leaving New York by the Quebec Steamship Line, the only line running from New York to Bermuda, the weary worker soon finds himself in a state of ease—a state more or less transient, however, according to his individual nature. The infinite capacity of the Gulf Stream to interfere with one's peace of mind cannot be overestimated, and yet many—the writer for one—suffer not at all at its hands. But at the worst the pain is short, only forty-eight hours, and even if the discomfort were continuous, it would be fully relieved by the first sight of the islands. Seldom the traveler finds them shadowed by a cloud. Usually the sea is calm, the sun shines brightly, and Bermuda, the promised land, looms up before one, clean-cut against a sky as blue as only Bermuda skies can be. Approaching St. George's from the sea one sees gray cliffs rising from the water to a fair height, not unlike our Palisades in effect; and further on the green, undulating country rolls down close to the shore. No beaches to mark its outline; just dull green shores against the pale blue of the sea. Upon closer inspection the gray, honey-combed coral shows at the very edge, but it is lost in the general view from the incoming ship. The approach to Hamilton, the only city of the islands, is tedious work, as the channel is narrow and tortuous, only navigable at high tide, and then not safe at dusk. The reefs rise at some places within two rods of the ship on either side of her. The actual landing at Hamilton has been made much more comfortable and speedy by the construction of a new pier after many years of discussion and opposition.

It is well, possibly, that one is so gradually initiated, by the long approach, into the peculiar beauties of the country, for if the first view of the islands was such as one afterward gets from Gibbs Hill Light-house it would seem so unreal that it would be unappreciated. In fact, there is a theatrical effect about the islands that is never quite lost. They are so numerous, of such peculiar shape and formation, the blue of the sea is so strangely variegated, the green of the cedars and grass so dark and unchanging, the houses so low and so white, the roads so crooked and so dustless, the fields so small—with their oleander hedges instead of fences, the earth so red where it is not sown, the hills so steep, the valleys so rich with

flora, the sky so clear—or if clouded, so daintily touched here and there, the air so soft, the rains so sudden and so brief—and above all, the red coat of the English soldier appearing at every turn, is so picturesque that one never quite loses the feeling that he is in a remarkably well-equipped theatre.

Once settled on shore, with the first weariness which comes from new sights and surroundings worn away, not a few things well worth the seeing demand one's attention. Gibbs Hill Light-house (which has a revolving light), on the south shore, toward the western end of the group, gives the most commanding bird's-eye view of the islands; while a few miles beyond is the dock-yard at the extreme north-westerly point of the islands. Here lies the mammoth floating dock, "Bermuda," the largest in the world, capable of lifting a ten-thousand-ton ship. All the ships on the Atlantic station of her Majesty's navy can use this dock except the flagship, her Majesty's steamship *Blake*, and her sister-ship, both of which are not too heavy, but too long for this dock. They are dry-docked at Halifax.

Quite at the other end of the islands, beyond St. George's, is St. David's Light (a stationary light), and from it one gets the best idea of the farm lands and sterner coasts. These farms are droll enough to the American eye. Little patches—gardens we would call them—from which are gathered from two to four crops per annum. In most cases any cottage kitchen-garden in the States would be larger than the so-called fields of the farm in Bermuda. Numerous points of interest lie along the road to St. George's—in fact, all the drives about Bermuda are made interesting by the constantly-recurring beautiful views of the sea and the many cuts through coral rock, as shown in our illustration—rocks often fifty feet high and completely covered, as by moss, with the tiniest maiden-hair ferns one can imagine.

Some of the characteristic beauties of the coral formation are shown in the "Temple Rock" illustration, and in the quarry illustration we have the peculiar coral rock which is used in building houses. In building, the coral blocks are laid in cement and coated outside with cement to avoid dampness, as the rock is porous and absorbs water rapidly; yet there is not a house in Bermuda that one cannot jab a penknife into clear up to the hilt by quite an ordinary blow. Every house must be, by law, whitewashed once a year, and of course to the better class of houses it is done oftener. This keeps them all snow-white, and presents an appearance of a toy village to the outsider. The fact that most of the houses are one-storied bungalow affairs aids in this impression. Strict attention is given to the whitewashing because the only water supply for the ordinary house in Bermuda is rain-water collected from the roof.

In a population of fifteen thousand people, ten thousand of them are colored, therefore not a little interest centres about them. As a class they are remarkably intelligent, some are in Parliament, and all fairly well to do. Lazy,



of course, like their brothers in the States, but far more acceptable, and amusing to a degree to the visitor in that they have none of our so-called darkey dialect, but speak with the broad English accent so associated in our minds with the anglo-manian dude.

The few modern buildings of any prominence are all at Hamilton. The Hamilton Hotel, large and beautifully situated on a hill, offers a charming refuge to visitors. The Parliament House, with its clock-tower, built on another hill, is Hamilton's especial pride. The Government House, on yet another hill, is the newest of the government buildings, and is, to the eye of the tourist, a charming place, but to the mind of "his excellency the governor," so they say, a barn-like home. The latest excitement in Bermuda was the dedication of the new cathedral, and they have cause to be proud of the

building it took them ten years to build. The stone used in its construction is, of course, coral rock; the wood, pine from the States; its inside pillars, Scotch granite; and the beautiful pulpit, shown in the illustration, marble. The carvings represent scenes from the Saviour's life.

R. S. DIX.

Ottawa's Winter Carnival.

THE recent ice carnival at Ottawa, Ontario, was characterized by all the peculiar features ordinarily marking winter festivals in that northern latitude, and, both in the out-door amusements and the social pleasures it afforded,



STORMING THE ICE CASTLE AT NIGHT.

proved most enjoyable to a multitude of visitors. The storming of the ice castle at night was a strikingly picturesque event, presenting a scene of weird and grand effects which has rarely been rivaled. We give a glimpse of the scene as supplied by a photograph taken by A. B. Phelan, of Watertown, New York.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE JAPANESE SUCCESSES.

THE capture of Wei-Hai-Wei by the Japanese is an event of great importance in its relation to future operations in China. Wei-Hai-Wei is China's principal seaport, and is situated in the province of Shantung, about fifty miles east of the treaty port of Chefoo, and thirty miles west of the Shantung promontory. It is a strongly-fortified bay, and was supposed to be invincible. Wei-Hai-Wei was, up to the beginning of the war, the principal recruiting and training station for the men of the northern fleet. The arsenal at Wei-Hai-Wei is one of the most complete in China, and the batteries commanding the bay, which have been constructed under the supervision of European engineers, were heavily armed with Armstrong and Krupp guns. The fighting which resulted in the capture of the position by the assailants appears to have been desperate, the Chinese managing their guns very effectively, but the fire of the Japanese fleet was so terrific that both the forts and the Chinese war-ships lying in the bay were finally silenced.

CHINESE DUPLICITY.

The suspicion that the Chinese government, in sending envoys to Japan, was pursuing its customary policy of deception and delay is confirmed by the announcement that the credentials of the envoys, when examined by the Japanese authorities, were found to be imperfect, leaving them absolutely without power to conduct binding negotiations. The Mikado's representatives, discovering this fact, refused to continue negotiations, and the envoys were ordered to quit the country at once. The envoys declare that they were ignorant that their

credentials were defective and their government played them a trick. It assured them that it had bestowed on them full powers, yet the documents did not state the subject of the negotiations, and the envoys would have been compelled to refer everything to Peking. The effect of this fresh exhibition of Chinese duplicity will be, undoubtedly, to stimulate the Japanese to fresh activity all along the line.

THE ALLEGED PORT ARTHUR "MASSACRE."

The controversy as to the alleged "wholesale massacre" of Chinese after the capture of Port Arthur by the Japanese is still carried on in the newspapers. We give an illustration of the scene presented in the main street of the town after the capture of the inland forts. It presents a spectacle of wreckage not unusual in time of war, but there are no evidences of the barbaric slaughter which some correspondents have depicted. It is to be said in this connection that the military attachés who have written of the Port Arthur affair do not confirm these ghastly newspaper reports. The British attaché's opinion has not yet been published, but in a letter sent to Japan he makes only a passing allusion to the regrettable excesses committed by the soldiery. "The French attaché has declared in the most open manner that, although there certainly was unnecessary killing during the night of the capture of the place, he saw nothing of the kind afterward; that the accounts published by the correspondent of a New York paper are greatly exaggerated; that he does not think there was any intention of killing civilians, and that, so far as he could see, the so-called mutilations were nothing more than might have been expected where a weapon like that of the Japanese sword was freely employed. The American attaché makes almost identical statements. There was a great deal of unnecessary killing during the night of the assault, he says, but he did not see a single outrage committed in the town during the three following days, although he visited all parts of it. In short, he did not deem the affair of sufficient importance to call for any allusion in his official report."

Climatic Influence on Health.

It cannot be denied that the influence of climate upon health is great, and it is in recognition of this fact that physicians send patients suffering with pulmonary diseases to great distances for "change of air." But when the sufferer happens to be too poor to act upon the advice his lot is hard indeed. But it is not necessarily hopeless. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery can be had at any medicine store, and to it thousands whose cases were considered desperate owe their lives.

Up to a certain point in the progress of Consumption, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a positive remedy. But delay is dangerous with Consumption. In all the conditions that lead to it, the "Discovery" is the remedy. With severe lingering Coughs or Weak Lungs nothing acts so promptly.

A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

THOSE who could not eat cake, hot biscuit, bread and pastry because of indigestion have found that by raising them with Royal Baking Powder they are enabled to eat them with perfect comfort.

Royal Baking Powder is composed of chemically pure cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda, and is an actual preventive of dyspepsia.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.



AS "YVETTE GUILBERT."



AS "SARAH BERNHARDT" AS "IZYL."



MISS CISSIE LOFTUS.

CISSIE LOFTUS IN HER POPULAR IMITATIONS.—[SEE "OUR PLAYERS," ON PAGE 103.]—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY.



FANNY DAVENPORT IN THE PLAY OF "GISMONDA"—THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA.
FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCE, 31 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.



THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR—SCENE IN THE MAIN STREET OF THE TOWN AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE JAPANESE.
Illustrated London News.



THE NEW TREATMENT FOR DIPHTHERIA AT THE HOSPITAL
FOR SICK CHILDREN, PARIS.—*L'Illustration.*



THE WAR IN ASIA—SURRENDER OF CHINESE GENERALS AND STAFF.—*Illustrated London News.*

"Judge" Obtains an Injunction.

BOSTON, January 30th.—Judge Putnam, in the United States Circuit Court, to-day granted a preliminary injunction in the equity suit of the Judge Publishing Company, of New York, against Winant P. Bush, of this city, restraining the defendant from printing, reprinting, or vending periodicals substantially like *Judge*. The plaintiff complains that the defendant has infringed upon its trade-mark right and copyright in the publication of *Judge* by the inter-leaving of that weekly with advertisements of local business concerns, and vending the altered paper to the detriment of the plaintiff.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE NEW YORK weekly *Judge* notify the public that the use of *Judge* in local advertising schemes, by printing and inserting advertising pages between its leaves, is a direct violation of the publishers' rights under the copyright law; no one is authorized by the publishers to use *Judge* in this manner, and prompt measures will be taken to stop its being so used. Judge Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, New York.

The Clubman cures his aching head By taking, ere he leaves his bed, Bromo-Seltzer.

DANGER from impure water is avoided by twenty drops of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

RUSSIA'S EMPRESS GAINS STRENGTH.

THE producers of "Mariani Wine" (Vin Mariani) should, according to report, soon have a splendid market in Russia for their nerve and brain tonic, as the dowager Empress has, at the suggestion of the Princess of Wales, drunk it since the death of her consort, with the most remarkable and beneficial results. It seems that her Majesty is one of the many delicate persons with whom stimulating drugs like quinine, iron, and Peruvian bark disagree, but such is not the case with the wine tonic referred to. It is well known that the Princess of Wales also derived increased strength of brain and nerves from it during her last great trials. Moreover, in consequence of the benefits obtained by the Empress a great demand for this tonic has sprung up among ladies of the Russian aristocracy, suffering from "nerves."—*The Court Journal, London, January 12th, 1895.*

ONE year ago the announcement was made of the opening of the New York and Florida Short Line. This was hailed with delight by the Florida travel. To day they announced that the New York and Florida Short Line Limited, a most elegantly-equipped vestibuled train, will be put in operation between New York, St. Augustine, and Jacksonville. The large passenger travel this line has received since it opened is evidence of the appreciation by the traveling public of a short and quick route to Florida.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will include stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, MR. THOMAS BARNES, lock box 626 Marshall, Michigan.

MENTAL ALERTNESS

depends very largely on the physical condition. Sluggish blood dulls the brain. A Ripans Tabule after meals will clear away the fogs in short order.

EXCEPTIONAL durability, combined with perfection of tone and touch, make the Bohmer Piano peculiarly adapted to the use of pupils and teachers in establishments where piano-playing is taught.

WEAK WOMEN

and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.

Scott's Emulsion

is a constructive food that promotes the making of healthy tissue and bone. It is a wonderful remedy for Emaciation, General Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Anaemia, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Send for Pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. Free. Scott & Bowne, N.Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

Our Superlative Department.

VI.—THE COSTLIEST THINGS.

In the town hall of Bremen there are a dozen cases of "holy wine" which represent a value now of two million dollars a bottle, or three hundred dollars a drop. This includes their original cost, interest for two hundred and fifty years, and cellerage. Antony's "pearl cup" was not so costly a beverage.

The Jackson & Woodin Car Company, of Berwick, Pennsylvania, presented to William H. Vanderbilt a whip, for the design of which Kaldenburg, the sculptor, charged two thousand dollars. The whip and ivory stock, before carving, cost six hundred dollars. The whip case, according to a jeweler's authority, cost one hundred dollars.

The costliest Bible is in triplicate, one copy in each of the cloister of Belemia, the National Library in Paris, and the British Museum. One of them was sold in England in 1789 for twelve thousand francs.

The costliest uniform in America, and one of the costliest in the world, is that of Colonel Seward Webb, who is on the staff of the Governor of Vermont. The cloth cost one hundred dollars, the gold embroidery two thousand dollars, the buttons of gold two hundred and fifty dollars, the cocked hat one hundred and forty dollars, the sword seventeen hundred dollars, and the diamond in the sword-hilt thirteen hundred dollars! These are all the costliest things of their kind.

Dr. Hans Weber, of Stettin, sells a powder which he says is a specific for dropsy, at one hundred and forty francs per kilogram. Dr. Hoffman, of Stettin, has analyzed it, and says it is identical with cigar-ashes. The persons who furnish the Weber specific must smoke the costliest cigars in the world.

An American millionaire's young son gave, at the Savoy Hotel in London, a few weeks ago, a dinner to forty at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a plate. There is no costlier banquet on record in modern times. The famous portrait-painter, Jan van Beers, one of whose masterpieces was reproduced on the front page of the last *LESLIE'S*, gave a supper in New Bond Street that was said to cost one hundred dollars a head. Still, it's vulgar to consider the cost of an entertainment—unless you are the host.

Whether Dr. Loomis, the millionaire New York physician, recently deceased, was "the eminent medical man" referred to, one may only surmise, but it is gossip on the other side of the water that some such a person has had "the dearest cane in the world" given to him. Here's the way it's described in "dear old Lunn": "Five million dollars is its modest appreciation. Three pounds of gold is wasted on its handle and fittings, and sixty-five diamonds are sunk in the gold. The handle consists of a chronometer watch, presumed to be useful to the doctor for professional purposes." Now does anybody believe it? And will the Galen who owns it produce it?

The costliest engines ever made at the Schenectady locomotive works are Nos. 2010 and 2011, for the Central Pacific Railway. One of them weighs one hundred and seventy-three thousand pounds; the tender, loaded, weighs ninety-three thousand eight hundred pounds, and the boiler is seventy-two inches in diameter, and contains over three hundred flues.

Kellar, the magician, has devised a mechanical illusion said to be the costliest ever exhibited on the American stage. It is a beautiful automatic "Trilby," of wax, kid, and the most delicate india-rubber, which he is to hypnotize in front of the audience. This Trilby cost ten thousand dollars, and will sing, according to her gifted creator. Hermann, the magician, who doesn't love Kellar, says we must wait and see.

Answers from Correspondents.

THE "FIRST THINGS."

"The first tooth pulled by electricity in this country was extracted by Dr. B. F. Smith, a dentist at the corner of Canal and Broome Streets, in New Orleans, in 1859."—P. C. "The earliest known advertisement of merchandise in a daily newspaper has been discovered in a Dutch Black Letter Journal, published without name or title in the reign of King James I. The date of this issue is November 21st, 1626. The advertisement was for the auction of 'sugar, ivory, pepper, tobacco, and logwood.'"—F. E. W. "The first Bible printed in America was struck off by Samuel Kneeland in Boston in 1761. It is seven and three-eighths by nine and five-sixteenths inches, and bears the (forged) imprint of the London printer, Mark Baskett.

Its existence has often been doubted, but an authentic copy has just been discovered in this city."—J. A. "The first iron-clad war-vessel was designed by Colonel John Stevens, of Castle Point, Hoboken, in 1812. It was intended for harbor defense, and consisted of a saucer-shaped

(Continued on next page.)

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

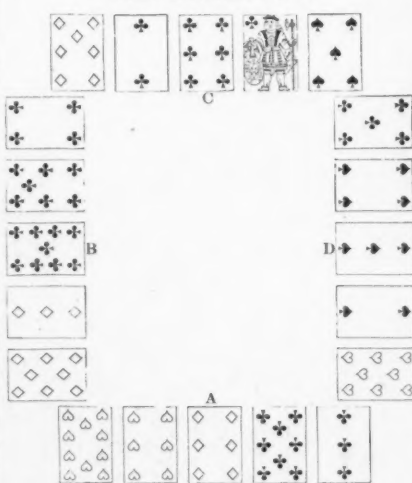
Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 5 has been solved by a goodly number of whistites, but twice the number fell into the error of trumping on the first round, which would give D an opportunity of discarding spade 10. The correct line of play is as follows: A leads club 8, to which C discards jack of spades. A then leads spade queen, which C trumps and returns heart 7. D trumps, but A takes the trick, leads trumps once more, and brings in the spade ace. Correct answers were received from

F. W. Allen, C. Arntruster, George H. Abrams, E. F. Bullard, Frank Buckley, C. M. Bright, A. Boekins, F. C. Buel, Mrs. H. A. Crowell, Charles E. Clarke, Thomas Carr, S. Campbell, W. W. Donnan, J. R. Dickinson, W. D. Drinkard, Margaret Deland, W. P. Edwards, C. L. Eberle, W. E. Flemming, L. A. Fish, W. Falconer, C. W. Floyd, J. R. Gubbins, C. N. Gowen, M. L. Gunnison, F. S. Hulme, J. F. Hogle, H. Herub, "A. P. H.," W. H. Haskell, H. E. Hatch, S. Henry, H. S. Haskell, Mrs. H. T. Henner, E. W. Hoyt, Mary B. Hazzard, H. A. Hardin, O. C. Hutchinson, Mrs. A. M. Hawley, W. Hallowell, T. G. Irwin, L. C. Karpinski, Mrs. J. S. Kaufman, T. A. Laurie, M. Leland, J. H. Loomis, Mrs. C. W. List, C. A. Moody, E. S. Moore, C. Q. McWilliams, W. A. Mannering, F. Miles, C. J. McDiarmid, D. McMartin, W. B. Morningstern, Mrs. D. McClinch, A. E. McLean, B. Manchester, T. D. Martin, L. B. Messenger, J. E. Miller, H. McCullough, Mrs. H. T. Menner, G. W. McGaffin, P. C. Nugent, R. H. L. Naylor, T. C. Orndorf, L. Obrecht, W. B. Parsons, W. S. Prout, W. H. Potter, M. F. Rogers, A. W. Robertson, W. H. Rowles, P. Stafford, F. N. Smalley, C. S. Stenworth, Eva Switzer, A. Senn, "Singleton," N. P. Taylor, W. Tear, J. Q. Turnbull, J. A. Tanner, E. H. Taylor, Mildred Vincent, C. E. Wolfe, George White, W. O. Wellington, and W. Young.

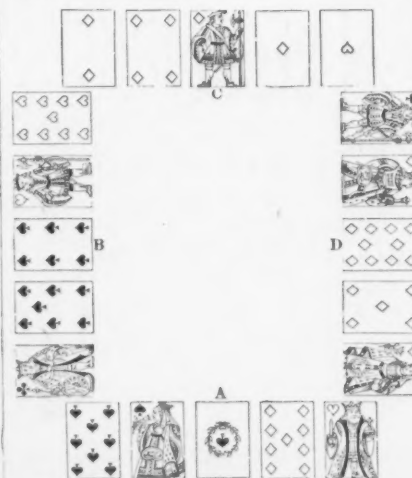
All such as failed, and are competing for our prize of a book to such as can solve four problems in succession, will have to commence over again at No. 6. Owing to the deluge of inquiries regarding problem No. 6, as to whether it was not intended that A and C were partners, and regarding the terms "against the best possible play," the problem is reproduced, and occasion has been taken to make an improvement which prevents a second solution.

WHIST PROBLEM No. 6.



Diamonds trump. A leads, and, with his partner C, takes how many tricks against any possible play?

Employing some of the other cards which remained in the pack, we have thrown together a simple little ending which will amuse such as had discovered both solutions to the first. This is given as problem No. 9.



No trumps. A leads and plays with partner C. How many tricks can they take against any possible play?

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by my INVISIBLE Tubular Cushtons. Have helped more to good hearing than all other devices combined. Whispers heard. Help ears as glasses do eyes. F. Hilscox, 855 Broadway, N.Y. Book of proofs FREE

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gant, richly jeweled, gold finished
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Mention in your letter whether you
want GENTS' OR LADIES' SIZE.
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to plate new goods. Plates gold,
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jewelry, table-ware, bicycles and
all metal goods; fine outfit for
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ready; no battery; no toy; no
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Our Superlative Department.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

(Continued from previous page.)

hull propelled by screws, and heavily armor-
plated. The first iron-clad actually laid down
was the Stevens battery of 1842, designed
by Robert L. Stevens, with the aid of his
father, Colonel John Stevens."—H. K. "The
first theatre opened west of the Mississippi
River was in St. Louis. Sol Smith, the fam-
ous comedian, gives the date as November 9th,
1837; says the play was "William Tell," that
the house was badly warmed, and that the
receipts were two hundred and thirty-two dol-
lars."—S. S. R. "The first ship to circumnavi-
gate the globe was the *Victoria*, one of the fleet
of Magellan. The British iron-clad *Victoria* is
one hundred and twenty times as big as its
namesake."—R. N. "The first steamer to cross
the Atlantic was the American vessel named
the *Savannah*, of three hundred tons burden,
which made the voyage in 1819. She cleared
from New York May 25th, and anchored off
Liverpool June 20th. There were no passen-
gers."—C. H. C. "The first steamer to plow
the water of the Pacific Ocean was the *Beaver*,
which was wrecked on Stanley Point at the
right-hand entrance to Vancouver Harbor."—
E. L. "The first steam-boat brought to Cali-
fornia was the side-wheeler *S. B. Wheeler*, a
wooden craft built at Eastport, Maine. This
was in 1850."—J. T. "The *Eskimo Bulletin*,
printed at Cape Prince of Wales, in Alaska, is
the only yearly newspaper in the world. It is
twelve by eight inches, and hectographed on
one side only of stiff white paper. There is only
one mail a year at Cape Prince of Wales."—S.
R. "The first description of an American flag
is found in the *Scot's Magazine* for July, 1776.
It describes the rattlesnake flag with thirteen
rattles, with a motto, 'Don't tread on me.'"

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compounded in accurate proportions, they
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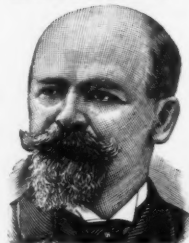
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